VOL. CCVIII, No. 2710

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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 19, 1952
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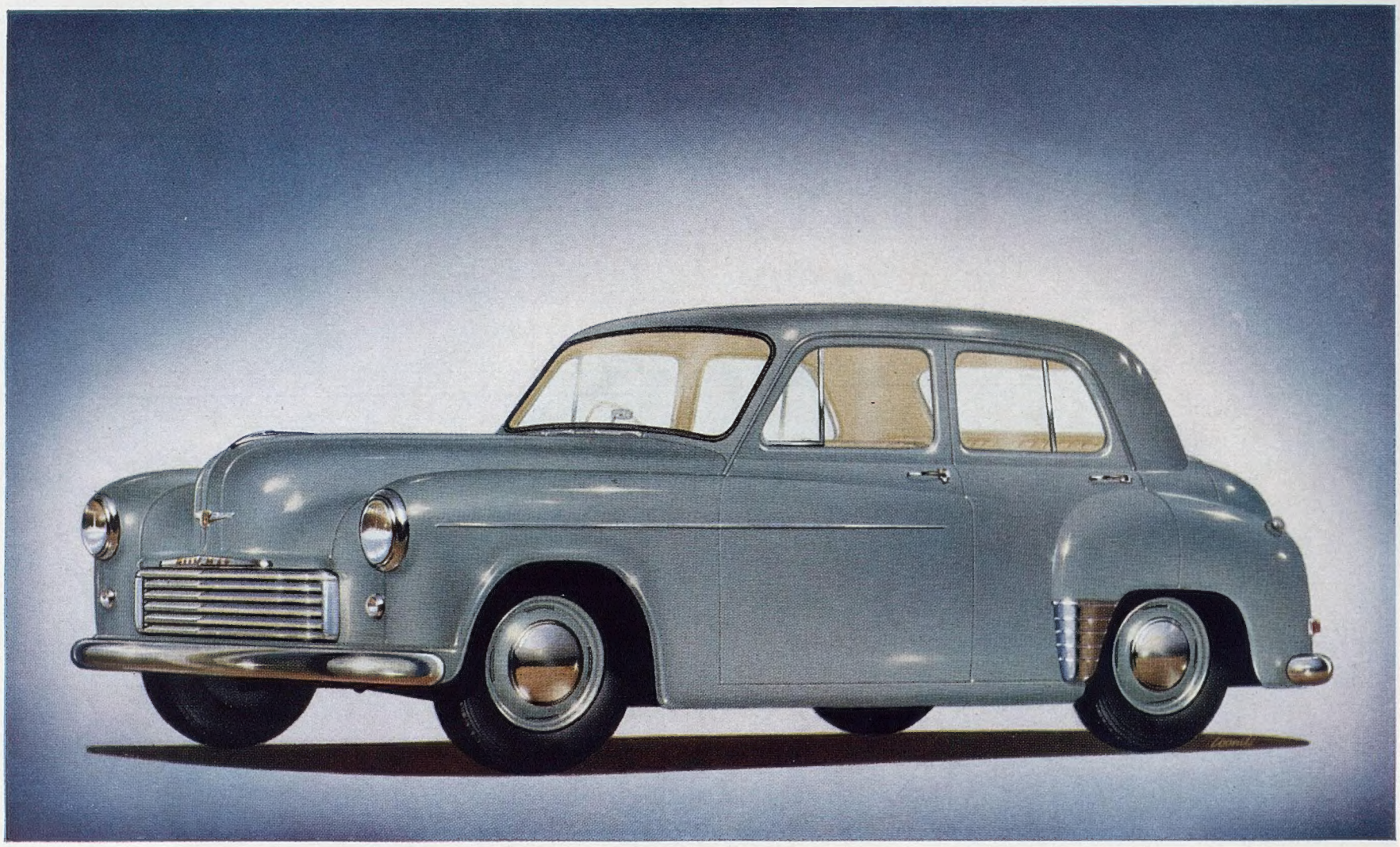

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Volume CCVIII No. 2710

The SPHERE, London, January 19, 1952

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE EARL OF DALKEITH—THE PRINCESS WALKING TO THE LONDON-BOUND TRAIN AT MELROSE, IN COMPANY WITH THE TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SON OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, WHO DROVE HER TO THE STATION: Princess Margaret, whose engagement was strongly rumoured last week-end, had been staying with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Bowhill, Selkirkshire, and during this visit the Earl of Dalkeith was her constant companion

Princess Margaret's return to London last week-end was somewhat unexpected, as it cut short by three days her holiday in Scotland with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. On arrival in London the Princess spent five hours at Buckingham Palace, and then drove to Liverpool Street to catch the train for King's Lynn, en route to join the Royal Family at Sandringham. Last Monday it became known that the Earl of Dalkeith had travelled overnight from his home at Bowhill, Selkirkshire, and was also joining the house-party at Sandringham, ostensibly to take part in a shoot. The Earl, who is a nephew of the Duchess of Gloucester, will one day inherit 500,000 acres and six historic homes, most of them in Scotland. During her Scottish holiday Princess Margaret attended hunt balls with the farmer Earl, danced with him at parties, and one morning walked through a snowstorm to attend a meet where he was in the saddle. A further picture of the Princess and the Earl will be found on page 84 of this issue.

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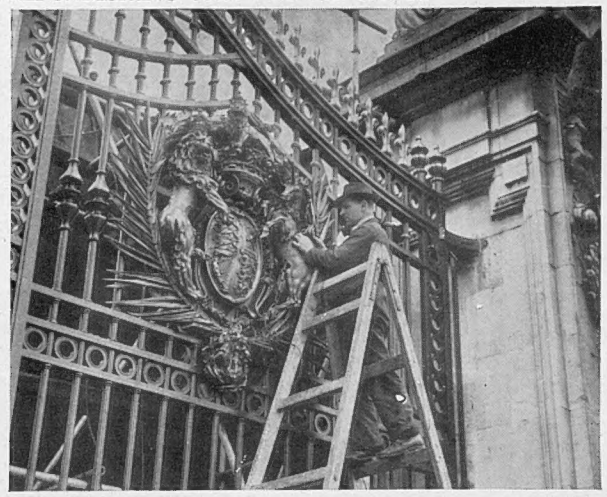
REFURBISHING THE PALACE GATES

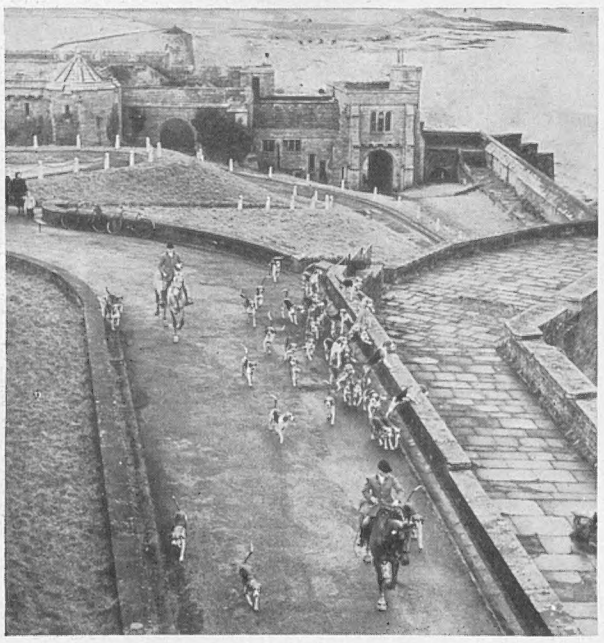


THE LION AND THE UNICORN ARE BACK IN PLACE AGAIN: One of the great crests, bearing the Royal arms, being fixed in position on one of the main gates of Buckingham Palace. The crests were taken away some time ago in order to be repainted and cleaned. At the same time the gates and railings have been repainted, and new gilding has been added to the extremities of the railings.

LEANING TOWER OF TOTTENHAM

A DANGEROUS LIST: This 36-ft.-high obelisk is moving towards the High Road at Tottenham, North London, at the rate of 1½ ins. a year and it is now 19 ins. out of the perpendicular. It is feared that a strong wind or subsidence of the foundations will bring it crashing down. Tottenham Borough Council are consulting the Ministry of Works to find the best way of setting the cross straight again. The cross dates from the early fifteenth century. It is thought that the first wooden cross to stand on the site was placed there by the Romans as a survey mark.

OUT WITH THE PERCY HUNT



WITH BAMBURGH CASTLE AND THE NORTHUMBRIAN SANDS AS BACKGROUND: The Huntsman leading out the Percy hounds after a recent meet on the north-east coast.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Election Year in U.S.A.—From now on until November 4, Congress will be a chess-board of move and counter-move of pawns and key-pieces. And not Congress only. The eyes of most Americans will assume a narrower, closer focus. The nation's range of vision will be confined to its own backyard. Congress will pass no measures which are not essential routine. Her statesmen will look into matters beyond the two oceans only as a "side line" or as a routine duty snatched from more vital tasks. And the average American of the Middle West and the lone spaces who knows little and cares less about Europe, Asia and Africa, will not waste a moment in increasing that puny store of knowledge. The American is a political animal, his mixed blood makes him so and makes his politics potent and peppery. Nothing matters in politics for him this year but the issue of November 4. He is far more interested in Ike as a possible joker or trump in his parlour game than in Ike as a possible preventer of world war. It is a bad year for an American Presidential election. There is so much to settle—Mr. Churchill's visit would have been impossible two or three months hence; as the fever spreads, more and more patients succumb, and there is less and less interest taken in matters outside the sick-room and the hospitals. By summer a visit from Churchill would be a flop too certain to risk. The trouble may be that any fruits of his visit in January may be left to rot on the shelf till Christmas next. Let us hope that a few key men will escape the infection. We speak, of course, in hyperbole. This is a traditional joke about America, just as it is a traditional joke about France and her Cabinet shuffles.

France Without a Government.—Both these "jokes," however, have their sting of truth and criticism. It certainly seems fair enough to generalise on the experience of past decades that France is invariably without a Government when tension is highest in Europe. It would be as fair to say that, on the experience of the past decades, tension in Europe and everywhere else is always at its highest. Nevertheless, to-day the loose ends which require a stable Government in France above all, are many and complicated, and urgently need knitting—U.N.O., N.A.T.O., O.E.E.C., the Schuman plan, to name a few, have before them problems and decisions which cry out for solution and settlement if any ground recently gained is to be held. France, indeed, was just getting back into the position she had long lost, her rightful position as European key-pin. Petulantly we may exclaim: What do her rabble of party political schemers care for her national prestige or for the safety of Europe and civilisation, if they can score a point on their little bagatelle board? It is no doubt as impudent to condemn the constitution and domestic politics of another nation as to say that this man is happy and that man wretched. We are not fit to judge. We speak of surface indications only. Moreover, we ourselves are vulnerable. We have had a recent experience of unstable government and its ill effects. We are entitled to say that the state of domestic politics in America and France to-day is bad for the peace of the world and encouraging to Communist aggression.

A Happy Proposal.—The King accepted warmly Dr. Malan's very happy invitation to him to spend some part of his spring health cruise at South Africa's "Chequers." Botha House, 50 miles south of Durban, in Natal, was the gift of Sir Frank Reynolds, and it is ideally suited to the King's purpose. In April it is at its best, and can offer plenty of sunshine and bracing, temperate air. In none of the Dominions is it more certain that the essential privacy which his Majesty needs can be assured. Indeed, there is something peculiarly happy in the offer and acceptance of Botha House. It seems to take the sting out of politics and to underline again the unwritten, unspoken, eternal and essential ties which bind the Commonwealth nations together. They are comprised in the words Humanity and Brotherhood. National aspirations may divide the Commonwealth at the Council table, politics may occasionally acerbate Commonwealth relations, but the essential ties, elastic but immensely strong, are proof against all disintegrating elements. How much it would have pleased General Smuts! We may confidently look forward to this visit to Natal benefiting the King alike in his private and his public capacity—as an important and busy and well-loved man in need of rest and strength and as the sole surviving symbol and link binding together a Commonwealth of free nations. Under King George VI and his father, the strength of the link has been less the symbol of the Crown than the character of its wearer.

"A Gesture of Hostility."—I add a footnote to the last paragraph. The word *humanity* which I used, not without deliberation, will evoke a hoot from Mr. Fenner Brockway and from the League of Coloured Peoples. They will amend the word to white-humanity, a modern form of gigmanity. Let us keep a sense of proportion in all things, great and small. There were statesmen who were not firm allies of Wilberforce in his fight for emancipation of slaves. Are we to assume as proved that these men were incapable of sympathy with the sick or of charity to their neighbours? Need we accept as essential truth that wild editorial of the *Tribune*: "Africans, Indians and others who have suffered from Malan's discrimination, will interpret the King's visit [to Natal] as a

SAILING CLOSE-HAULED IN A STIFF BREEZE—IN THE SPORTS DEPARTMENT OF HARRODS: A young enthusiast sailing a 9-ft. dinghy in the wind-tunnel room of the London store. The dinghy is gently rocked on its axis, and the wind ensures that the young man at the helm gets the feel of the ship. Mr. Austin Farrar, an amateur yachtsman, is seen doing the rocking beside the boat. He gives customers advice on the general principles of sailing.

gesture of sympathy for Malan—and a gesture of hostility against themselves." This is surely the word of an interpreter in a mad-house, an interpreter reckless, ruthless, humourless and without sense. An interpreter who will drag the King into political controversy, if so be he may advance his aims, and will not scruple to wrangle round a sick-bed and to twist a courteous act of sympathy into a political device.

Cosy Chats.—A majority of our latest devices of science do not come into the category of cosy comfortable, gentle things. Many of them have sadistic, cruel implications. Radio photography in its infancy is an exception. Messrs. Truman, Churchill and Co. are having cosy chats about this and that exploring stately avenues and turning historic stones in the search for "closer understanding between the great English-speaking nations," etc. We study the reports, so guarded and empty, of their deliberations but I for one wish that these reports were not illustrated by radio photographs. For these photographs all tend to make our great Western statesmen appear a little too cosy, too benevolent, too senile and even silly. I fear it may put new heart and ideas in Stalin and Nahas and Mossadeq, just as Chamberlain's old umbrella spurred on Hitler to new heights of aggression. We are glad that Truman and Churchill are peace-loving, benevolent, gentlemanly leaders, but we don't quite like to see them portrayed as centenarian exhibits at an old folks' tea-party. Cosiness and benevolence

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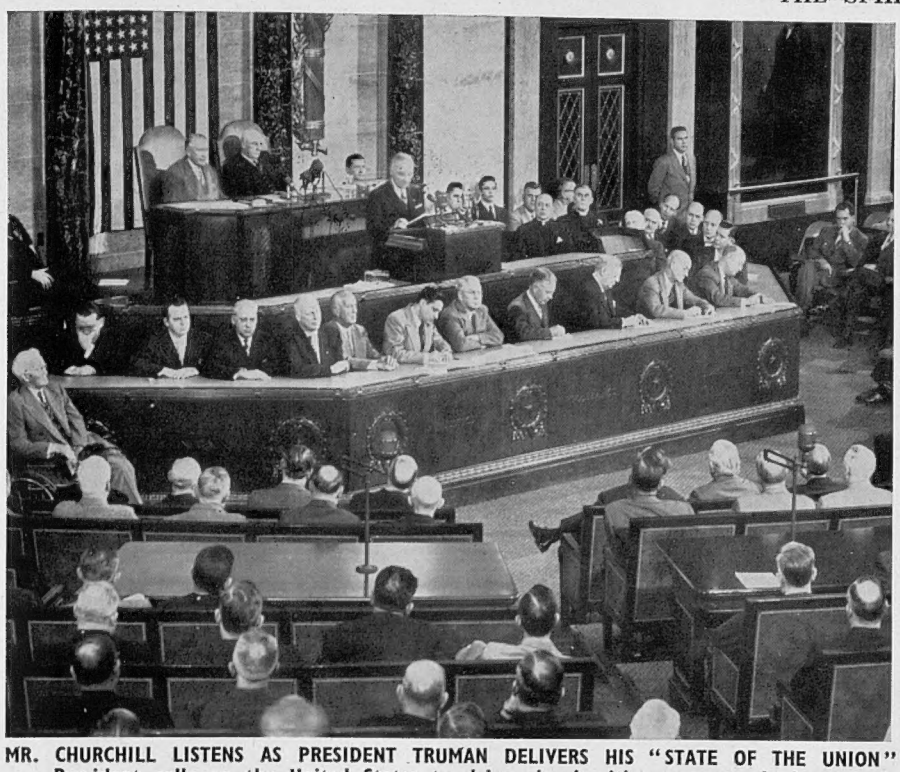
MR. CHURCHILL IN AMERICA

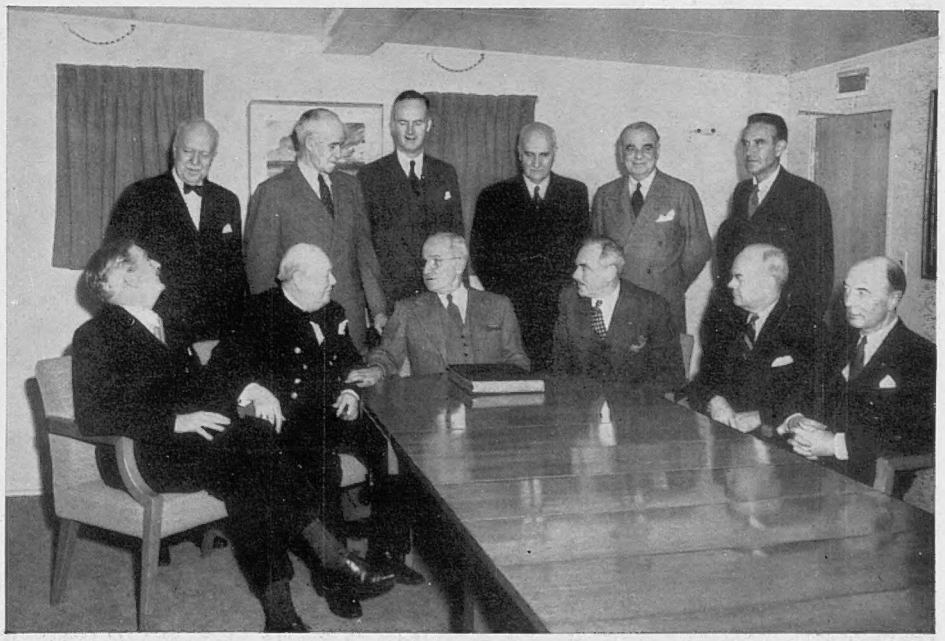
The Prime Minister, with His Advisers, Confers with President Truman and Hears the President's "State of the Union" Address Before Leaving for Canada



MR. CHURCHILL LISTENS AS PRESIDENT TRUMAN DELIVERS HIS "STATE OF THE UNION" ADDRESS: *On left*—Before the most critical Congress he has ever known, the President calls on the United States to drive ahead with courage and vigour and determination. *On right*—Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden are seen listening in the Presidential Gallery of the Chamber. With them are Mrs. Walter Gifford (left), wife of the American Ambassador to Britain, and Mrs. Truman. In his address the President outlined an inevitably unpopular programme of continuing high taxes and controls and said that weapons in large volume and economic aid must be provided for Europe. Russia, he said, is still increasing her already excessive military power. While he was speaking, a joint communique was published setting out the subjects of his earlier discussions with Mr. Churchill.

MR. CHURCHILL LEAVES FOR OTTAWA: The Prime Minister is seen in New York before embarking by train for Canada. With him on the left is Mr. Bernard Baruch, author of the Baruch plan for the control of atomic weapons, who was Mr. Churchill's host in New York for the two days prior to his leaving for Canada. Large crowds gave Mr. Churchill a warm welcome in Ottawa.

MR. TRUMAN AND MR. CHURCHILL BEGIN ONE OF THEIR MOMENTOUS TALKS IN WASHINGTON: The Prime Minister listens attentively, cigar in hand, as Mr. Truman emphasises a point. In a joint communique the two statesmen said that complete identity of aims in the Middle East had been achieved, that discussions on the supply to Britain of United States raw materials would be continued, and that under arrangements made for the common defence the United States has the use of certain bases in Britain.



STATESMEN OF THE UNITED STATES AND BRITAIN CONFER IN WASHINGTON: In this picture, taken on board the yacht *Williamsburg*, are (seated, left to right), Mr. Eden, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Truman; Mr. Dean Acheson, U.S. Secretary of State; Mr. Snyder, Secretary of the U.S. Treasury; and Mr. Lovett, U.S. Secretary of Defence. Behind them are (left to right) Mr. Gifford, American Ambassador to London; General Omar Bradley; Sir Oliver Franks, British Ambassador; Lord Cherwell, Lord Ismay and Mr. Harriman.

WRECKED IN THE DOVER STRAITS

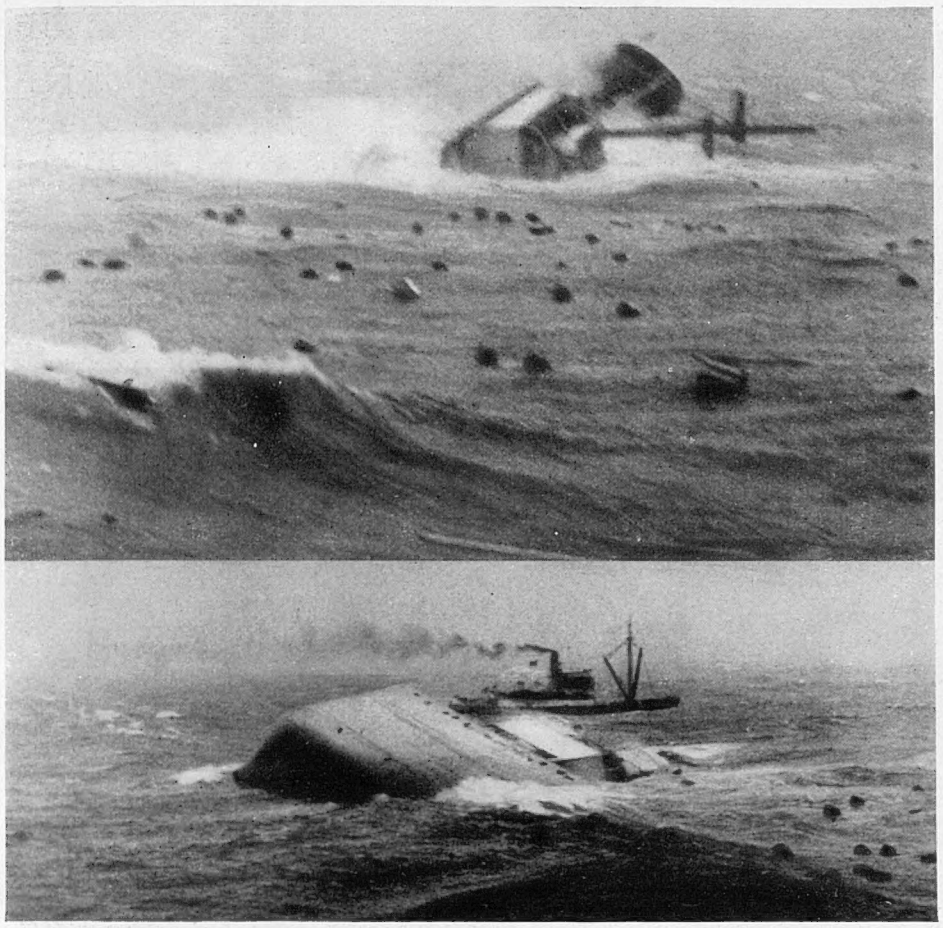
The "Agen" is Cut in Two in a Winter Storm, but the Grounded "Sovac Radiant" is Towed to Safety

THE SEA SURGES BETWEEN THE TWO HALVES OF THE WRECKED FRENCH STEAMER "AGEN": The Walmer lifeboat last Monday rescued thirty-seven men from this 4,196-ton vessel, which grounded and broke in two on the Goodwin Sands. The Captain, forty-two-year-old Maurice Landreau, stayed alone in the wreck, but on a second lifeboat trip being made he agreed to be taken off, and was landed at Dover. It took the lifeboat five hours to find the *Agen* after first hearing her broadcast calls for assistance.

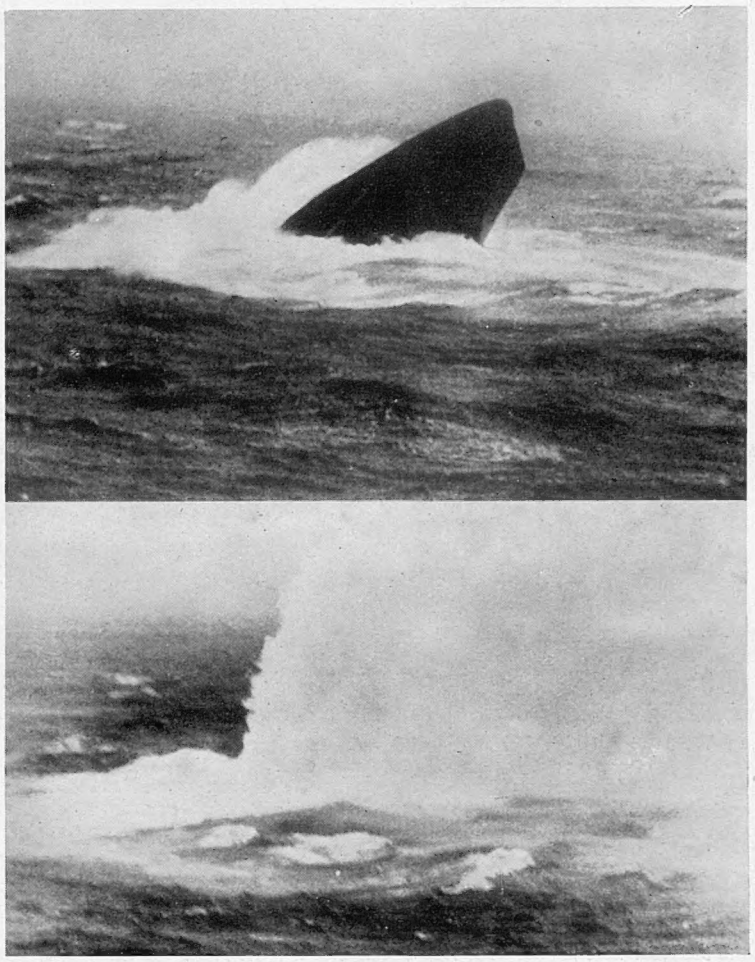
Below—THE PANAMANIAN TANKER "SOVAC RADIANT," OF 17,597 TONS, WHICH WENT ON THE ROCKS AT THE FOOT OF THE SOUTH FORELAND, IS TOWED INTO DEEP WATER: Powerful tugs are seen taking the vessel in tow, while she gives what aid she can with her churning propellers. After being refloated, the *Sovac Radiant* was assisted by the tugs to a safe anchorage off Deal to await a certificate of seaworthiness. The Panamanian tanker went aground only seven miles from the stricken steamer *Agen*.

THE END OF THE STORY

THE "FLYING ENTERPRISE" GOES DOWN 41 MILES FROM FALMOUTH, AND CARLSEN AND DANCY COME ASHORE TO RECEIVE THE PLAUDITS OF THE CROWD

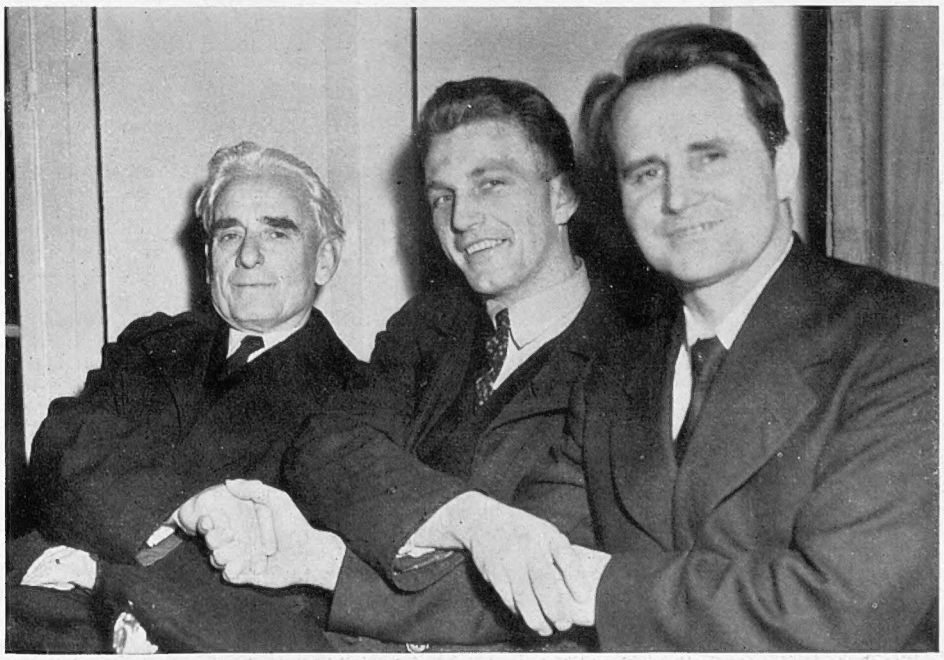


THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE "FLYING ENTERPRISE"—THE AMERICAN CARGO SHIP IS SEEN IN THESE TWO PICTURES TAKEN BY BRITISH MOVIETONE NEWS AS SHE TOOK THE FINAL PLUNGE IN THE WATERS OF THE CHANNEL: Captain Carlsen, master of the vessel, and Mr. Dancy, the mate of the tug *Turmoil*, had jumped into the sea shortly before the *Flying Enterprise* sank and they were then picked up by the *Turmoil* and taken to Falmouth. Thus ended a fortnight's struggle to save the *Flying Enterprise*. The gale-lashed ship sank 41 miles from Falmouth. As she sank the sea was covered with deck gear.



FOR A MOMENT THE BOWS OF THE "FLYING ENTERPRISE" REARED INTO THE AIR, AND THE NEXT MINUTE SHE HAD DISAPPEARED BENEATH THE WAVES AMID A WHIRL OF SPRAY: Carlsen and Dancy remained on board the ship until she heeled over so far to port that the funnel dipped in the swell. As waves pounded over and into the smoke-stack, which was soon lying horizontal, the two men jumped for their lives, and nine minutes later they were both aboard the tug *Turmoil* and putting on dry clothing. The *Turmoil* made a gallant effort to tow the *Flying Enterprise* to port, actually covering 300 miles from the point where the vessel was damaged.

THE CROWD THAT GATHERED OUTSIDE FALMOUTH TOWN HALL TO ACCLAIM CAPTAIN CARLSEN AND MR. DANCY OF "TURMOIL": The two men had spent the previous night aboard the *Turmoil*, resting after their labours to save the *Flying Enterprise*, and then came the ordeal of municipal feteing which continued almost through the day. At a Press conference in the afternoon Captain Carlsen revealed that he had lost everything in the *Flying Enterprise* except his wrist-watch.



THE MEN OF THE HOUR: *Left*—Captain Dan Parker, of the salvage tug *Turmoil*, Kenneth Dancy, mate of the *Turmoil*, and Captain Kurt Carlsen, master of the *Flying Enterprise*, seen together at Falmouth on the day of the municipal reception. *Right*—Captain Carlsen shaking hands with the Danish Naval Attaché in the Princess Pavilion at Falmouth. Captain Carlsen has been awarded the Danish Order of Dannebrog and Lloyd's Silver Medal in recognition of his fine attempt to save his ship.

A FOREIGN COMMENTARY

With Notes by
FERDINAND TUOHY

WHO WAS WHO IN WASHINGTON : This picture was taken at the Pentagon after the luncheon given by Defence Secretary Robert Lovett for Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden. Mr. Lovett is seated between the British Premier and the Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Dean Acheson, the American Secretary of State, is on the left. From left to right in the background are Admiral Sir Rhoderick R. McGrigor, the First Sea Lord, Mr. W. Averell Harriman, Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir Oliver Franks, Ambassador to the United States, and General Omar Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Mr. Churchill in Washington—" I suppose," said Field Marshal Slim, discussing the rifle contretemps in Washington, " I suppose we shall end up with a mongrel sort of weapon, half-British, half-American." Mr. Churchill : " Field Marshal, kindly moderate your language. Your words precisely describe me."

Mr. Churchill's first victory was with an elderly stove-pipe hat. His second followed when Americans marvelled at his rosy fitness. A cigar-smoking people, they handed it to him for his puffing at any hour. The Hearst papers ran a friendly series telling how to live to be seventy-seven and drink what you want and turn into the world's greatest man.

A third victory came when the visitor got down to business. " The Human Wonder," christened the *New York Times*. " He is plenty vigorous," said a fellow-conferee. " Shows an amazing grasp of detail, only refers to his notes occasionally, appears to carry complicated figures in his head."

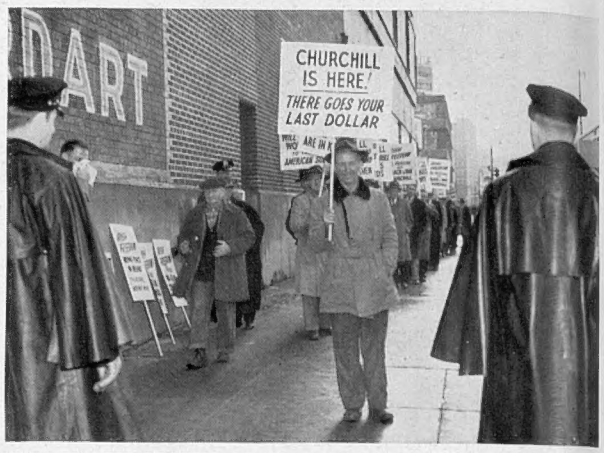
Gifts rolled into the Embassy, including " a blue-grey Stetson of conservative type," which we shall certainly see, and Mr. Churchill let it be known that he smokes all cigars sent him as long as the quality is good. " His tastes are simple," explained a spokesman. " He likes only the best."

The visit lacked the warm intimacy of the war-time calls on Mr. Roosevelt. At times Mr. Truman occupied himself with other business while his guest was whirled from point to point, making rush notes in the Embassy Rolls, as he sped. And the President kept to his bedtime hour, thereby missing the spell of the charmer at his favourite talking time.

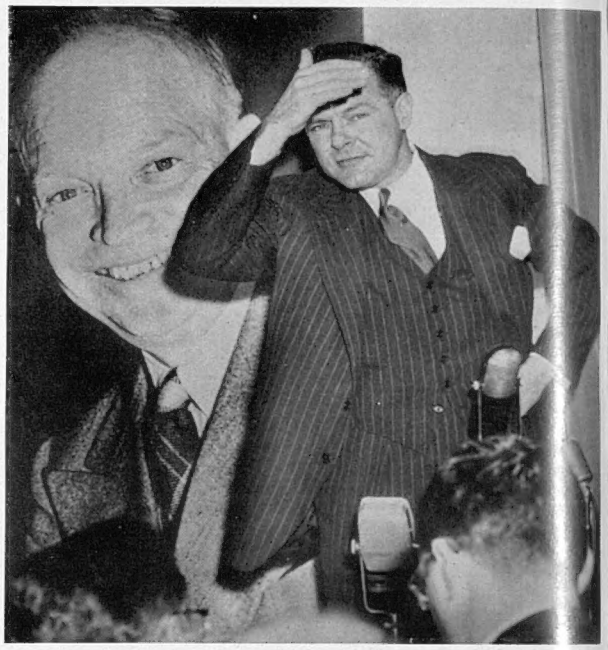
Timing of the visit had been vexing for the President, who had the keynoting State of the Union Message on his hands, the tax scandal on his mind, and this year's Presidential election to keep him wary of fresh bilateral deals with Britain, which might also injure the new and fervent American entente with Continental Europe.

Main results of the visit :

The A-bomb not to be used from Britain without Britain's consent. Britain to get steel in return for America getting aluminium and probably tin. " Complete identity of aims " (methods ?) in the Middle East. Both Governments promise their support for " the European Defence Community."



IRISH PICKETS PROTEST AT MR. CHURCHILL'S VISIT : " Churchill is here! There goes your last dollar," was a typical slogan carried by the Irish-American Minute Men of 1949 who paraded New York's dock area when the *Queen Mary* arrived with members of Mr. Churchill's entourage on board. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden had transferred to a cutter and came ashore at the Brooklyn Army Base.



THE MAN WHO BACKS THE NAME OF EISENHOWER : Senator Cabot Lodge, Junr., Massachusetts Republican, addressing the now-historic Press conference in Washington at which he made it known that General Eisenhower's name would go forward as a Presidential candidate in the New Hampshire Republican Presidential Primary.

Lodge and Eisenhower.—On a December night of 1919 I passed the White House. President Wilson lay stricken within, the while his arch political enemy, Senator Lodge, circled the States, inveighing against American participation in the League of Nations.

There is something peculiarly neat and human about Senator Cabot Lodge now being the champion of Eisenhower-for-President and of an American absorption with Europe going beyond anything Woodrow Wilson ever dreamt of. The son seeks to reverse completely what the father all too successfully accomplished.

The Senator is entering General Eisenhower's name as Republican candidate in the primary election in New Hampshire on March 11. Primary elections are held in several States to choose candidates which State delegations will support at party conventions next July. Then is selected by each of the two parties, Democratic and Republican, the candidate who will fight the election proper in November.

Up to now, five names, if not yet hats, are in the ring : Senators Taft and Warren, Mr. Stassen, General Eisenhower and President Truman. The President's attitude appears to be that he will run if he has to face Taft, but will stand down in favour of someone to be nominated by him, should Eisenhower be the opponent. Mr. Truman not only has the greatest respect for " Ike " as a man, but shares his views on foreign affairs. Only where " Ike " is Right domestically does the President demur.

His attitude to the Eisenhower candidacy is one of " I shall not recall him from his duties, but if and when he decides to stand, he must, of course, cease to hold active military command." As for the General, what he has rather bashfully said, amounts to this : " I am ready and willing to be a Republican candidate, but I am not going back to America to promote that call."

A statement from S.H.A.P.E. intimated that the General would not participate in any pre-convention activities. So that, all in all, it looks as if the present Supreme Commander in Europe will stay at his post until July.

What transpires thereafter is not as certain as Eisenhower's immense popularity might suggest. The Republican Convention meeting in Chicago may prefer the strong party man, Taft, to the soldier who has had to be so passive; the more so because the Democrats look so easy to beat

VISHINSKY COMBS HIS HAIR AS HE CONFERS WITH FELLOW-SOVIET DELEGATES AT THE UNITED NATIONS IN PARIS : The Soviet Foreign Minister is seen with Mr. A. M. Baranovsky (left), the Ukrainian delegate, and Mr. K. V. Kisselev (right), the Byelorussian Foreign Minister.

News from U.N.—*La Folle de Chaillot* had a short original run. Mr. Vishinsky's performance at the Palais de Chaillot is crazier and should reach the century. What is one to think of a man who, one moment, spits all the venom in a snake-pit at you, and the next is grasping your hand and wishing you a " Happy Christmas " with the most winning grin ?

Mr. Stalin's mouthpiece at the U.N. Assembly in Paris puts on an act each time he rises. All present realise by now that it is akin to turning on the hot tap : it can be turned off again as abruptly.

But the bath-water has become choppier since the resumption after the holiday.

Mr. V. sought in vain to confuse the issue of the Collective Measures Committee, by which the U.N. hope to deal with aggression through the Assembly as distinct from the veto-bound Security Council, with forces voluntarily placed at its disposal beforehand. Mr. V. was placed out of court by 51 votes to 5, so then he proposed the Security Council should convene specially for Korean peace talks. This was seen through : a move to queer the armistice talks.

There was an astonishing dénouement when Russia and her satellites supported a Western amendment (50—0) that peace in Korea must precede Peace Talks.

I derived the impression at the Chaillot that this Assembly must make a sure thing of Collective Measures if it is not to go down as a dud politically. Most of us remember how similar legislations by the old League, for Sanctions, came to nothing.

On right—

Belgium and the Korean War.—The extraordinary Korean War drags on. Nothing quite like it can have been seen in military annals. The other day on a bus top I overhead a man tell his wife (his tone said as much) that of course there was a cease-fire in Korea. It was an armistice that the squabbling was about. "Then what does this mean?" countered Madam, showing her man a wirelessed picture of "guns in action yesterday on the Korean front."

The continued anxiety among the American delegation at Panmunjom is that the Communists are dragging out the talks month after month to allow of a massive air build-up in North Korea and across the Yalu.

What do the United Nations get out of the talk, talk? Why are their representatives at such daily pains to ensure the morrow's meeting? Well, the belief is that the dying-down of combat is insinuating itself into the Chinese. A second consideration, not to be under-estimated, is that the twilight period—neither war nor peace—is keeping U.N. casualties right down, compared with former times of battling ebb and flow.

Meanwhile, the first Korean war dead have been brought back to Europe for honoured reburial. Belgium is one of thirty-five nations which are in greater or smaller degree involved in Korea, and her dead were members of the Corps of Volunteers.

BELGIANS PAY HOMAGE TO THEIR KOREAN WAR DEAD: Troops placing the coffins of their dead comrades on transporters before the solemn funeral parade down the Avenue Cinquantenaire, in Brussels. Full military honours were accorded.

AUSTRIANS DEMONSTRATE AGAINST THE DECISION OF THE AUSTRIAN SUPREME COURT TO RESTORE THE AUSTRIAN ESTATES OF PRINCE ERNST RUDIGER STARHEMBERG: This crowd gathered in front of the National Parliament House in Vienna to protest against the restoration. Prince Starhemberg is at present living in Argentina. Both Communists and Socialists united in the massive demonstration against him.

ANTI-STARHEMBERG PLACARDS ROUND THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING IN VIENNA: The restored property of Prince Starhemberg is said to be worth millions of pounds. It includes eighty-two castles, farms, and a great deal of fine land.

The Starhemberg Strikes.—It seems like a visitation from the past to hear of strikes in Vienna over Prince Starhemberg. About twenty years ago the handsome and debonair Ernst Rudiger von Starhemberg burst on the scene as "the man with a private army." The young Prince was a great man with the ladies in Vienna, but a doting and strong-willed mother had traced a political career for her flighty son, and the private army financed by the family estates was to be the beginning.

The original companies were drawn from the Starhemberg castles, chiefly in Tyrol. The men were much like the Duke of Atholl used to have on his Scottish estate—personally serving their master. But Starhemberg rose to be leader of the Austrian Heimwehr on the strength of his private army, and later became Vice-Chancellor under Dollfuss.

After the murder of Dollfuss, Starhemberg strongly preferred the Italian to the German brand of Fascism. His patrician origin forbade his stomaching Hitler, Himmler and Company. He fell out with the Nazis in 1938 and his estates were confiscated by them on their arrival in Vienna in the spring of that year.

Handsome Rudi departed for the Argentine, where he has been ever since. On arrival, he was befriended by an international financier, Fritz Mendl, former husband of film-star Hedy Lamarr (there was connubial discord over a film she appeared in called *Ecstasy*). The Prince must have prospered, since report now tells of him having "disappeared from his luxurious furnished castle home." Still castles!

Rudi—he must be around fifty—was to all intents and purposes forgotten until the other day, when a decree published in Vienna restored to him all his confiscated estates on the ground that they had been taken away by the Nazis, none of whose acts in Austria does the present Austrian regime recognise as legal.

At once the cry went up from Vienna Communists: "No restitution for Fascist Starhemberg!" to which was added: "Out with the Fascists from the Government!" Communists fear a resurgence of Fascism because it once proved it could handle Communism—after its fashion. But a call for a general strike flopped, and only 3,000 Soviet-controlled workers turned up for a mass demonstration outside Parliament.

The future of the Starhemberg estates will be debated next month in the Austrian Parliament.

On right—

The Highest Cable Railway in the World has been opened at Val d'Isère, a mountain resort in the French Alps. Hitherto, among the highest have been the Brevent, at Chamonix, and the Chevalier, near Briançon, each of which rises to some 8,000 ft. or more. These are used by tourists—I was blown blue by a bitter, driving wind on the Chevalier last July—but considerably higher cable-ways are in use for other purposes.

Scientists sitting on the Pic du Midi, in the Pyrenees, and on the Jungfraujoch, in the Swiss Alps, rely on cable lines reaching to a height of 11,000 ft. Still, these do not require 1,500 tons of cement per pylon, the requirement at Val d'Isère.

Whether the Matterhorn should be "popularised" and "desecrated" by a cable railway has not been finally decided.

THE HIGHEST CABLE RAILWAY IN FRANCE IS NOW COMPLETE AT VAL D'ISÈRE, THE FAMOUS HIGH-ALTITUDE SKI-ING CENTRE NEAR THE ITALIAN BORDER: *Left*—One of the two cabin-cars gliding down the cable. *Right*—The village of Beelevard seen from the cableway. Val d'Isère stands at an altitude of just over 6,000 ft. There are several cableways in the vicinity, also a ski-lift on the nursery slopes. Val d'Isère is well known among skiers for good snow conditions which usually persist until late in the season.

THREE OF THE CANBERRA JET BOMBERS OF NO. 101 SQUADRON FLYING IN LINE-ASTERN FORMATION: The R.A.F. is at last beginning to get jet bombers, and the first of them have gone to No. 101 Squadron, which earned fame during the war with its attack on the German rocket centre at Peenemünde. No. 617 Squadron, which successfully breached the Mohne Dam, is now being re-equipped with Canberras. Both these Bomber Command units are based at Binbrook, Lincolnshire.

THE CANBERRA IN SQUADRON SERVICE

THE CELEBRATED BRITISH JET BOMBER IS NOW WITH THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

The Canberra, now going into Squadron service with the Royal Air Force, is being manufactured by no fewer than four companies in Great Britain, and now, as a result of its tests in 1951, after it made its record-breaking Atlantic flight, it is to be made in the United States as well. Just as the De Havilland Comet has captured the imagination of the world in civil aviation, so has the Canberra, it seems, in military aviation. Short Bros., Handley-Page and Avro have been named as the makers of the Canberra in Britain in addition to the parent company, English Electric. To keep pace with the increased airframe output, the Rolls-Royce Avon turbine jet engines are to be made also by Bristols, Napiers and A. W. Hawkesley Ltd. The introduction of the Canberra into Squadron service marks the start of an expansion of Bomber Command and not merely its re-equipment. Experienced crews selected from existing Lincoln and Washington squadrons will be trained to fly the new jet bombers and will form fresh Canberra units. By the end of 1952 a substantial number will be in service. The obsolescent piston-engined bombers will remain in use with Bomber Command, alongside the jet squadrons, until the Vickers Valiant, the first British four-jet bomber, is available.

To form the first Canberra squadron, particularly experienced pilots in Bomber Command were drafted into No. 101. A jet conversion unit was formed at Binbrook and the men who had been flying Lincolns and Washingtons were introduced gradually to turbo-jet types. All No. 101 Squadron crews are now thoroughly conversant with their new aircraft and have accumulated many hundred hours' experience. The jet conversion unit is now fitting No. 617 Squadron crews to fly Canberras.

THE GRACE OF THE CANBERRA IN FLIGHT: Britain's new jet bomber seen above the R.A.F. station at Binbrook. Last year the Canberra broke an Atlantic record when crossing from Aldergrove, Northern Ireland, to Gander, Newfoundland, in 4 hrs. 19 mins., covering a Great Circle course of 2,073 miles.

IN THE AIR AND ON THE GROUND AT BINBROOK R.A.F. STATION: *Left*—This photograph shows the silhouette of the Canberra with its clearly-defined recognition features. *Right*—Members of a Canberra aircrew standing in front of their machine. On the right can be seen one of the two Rolls-Royce Avon axial-flow gas turbines. Each engine is carried in a wing nacelle on four self-aligning mounting points. The single cockpit is in the forward fuselage and Perspex covered.

LAYING POWER-LINES BY HELICOPTER

To Prevent the Destruction of Hundreds of Trees in a Valley of the Malvern Hills this Novel Method of Cable-laying was Adopted

ENGINEERS ON TOP OF THE POLES SECURE THE PRELIMINARY LINE LOWERED TO THEM BY THE HELICOPTER ABOVE: After hovering only a few feet above the poles the helicopter flew across the valley, paying out the line from the drum which was secured to its side. The pilot, Mr. J. Harper, had made a trial run over the 1,280 ft. of the route.

PREPARING THE TWIN POLES AT ONE END OF THE ROUTE BEFORE THE ATTEMPT WAS MADE: The engineers seen here wore climbing spikes. Standing on planks held by brackets to the tops of the poles, they waited to gather the line from the helicopter as it passed overhead.

A technique new to Britain was used recently in a heavily-wooded valley on the Herefordshire side of the Malvern Hills in the erection of overhead electricity cables. In the past it has been found necessary to fell trees along the route over which such cables are to pass, but the Midlands Electricity Board decided in this case to experiment with a helicopter, laying a light line across the valley along which the heavy cable could later be pulled. This technique, it was hoped, would make the felling of some hundreds of trees unnecessary. While engineers waited below, the helicopter first made a "dummy" run across the valley. A last-minute hitch threatened the plan when it was thought that the heavy grappling hook which was to hang from the machine and lower the line to the engineers might knock the men off the poles if the pilot misjudged his distance. This was solved by substituting a weighted sock for the hook. On the first attempt the engineers at one end of the route failed to catch the sock, and the pilot had to circle and make a fresh start. A second run, however, was successful.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE AS THE HELICOPTER BEGAN ITS 1,280-FT. RUN ACROSS THE VALLEY: On tiny platforms at the tops of the twin poles below, engineers are waiting to catch the light line paid out from the helicopter. In spite of bumpy conditions the pilot of the machine managed to complete the operation, the run across the valley taking only a few minutes. It was hoped that this method of laying the cables would make the felling of trees here unnecessary.

PUBLICITY AND THE PRIVATE LIVES OF PRINCES

A Sharp Reaction Sets In After Decades of Fulsome Reporting

By JOHN GORE

(Author of the Official Biography of the Late King George V, which was Awarded the J. T. Black Memorial Prize in 1941)

EVER since the world was young there has always been a large section of humanity which delighted to peep behind the scenes and to hear or read intimate details of the private lives of more important people, and if those details were scandalous, so much the better. Naturally, among such disclosures any which concerned the Royal families of Europe took a high place in public interest, and for centuries there was plenty of muddy water on which to draw. To-day the thrones of Europe have grown fewer, and the lives of surviving Royal families constantly purer and more admirable, while the zest for details concerning their private lives has, so far from diminishing, enormously increased. That is good, though it seems to be "agin' natur'." It would have surprised Rochefoucauld.

As a result of this increased public curiosity, a very much more tolerant attitude is generally adopted towards the disclosure of details of the private lives of princes and people in the news. The "scandal" of the publication of Greville's memoirs could not in similar circumstances be repeated to-day. Indeed, even in 1903 Creevey "got off" without a caution, nay, to general delight and approbation. It was accepted that the social historian must be catered for, and that a very much reduced period of delay could be accepted before the disclosure of intimacies could be justified. And the chief victims of disclosure, the highest in the land, by their practice, their policy and their consent, have in recent reigns, ever since the present century began, set their seal of agreement on this tolerance.

A P.R.O. for a Minister or a Press Secretary as a regular Court official has for some time been firmly established. "Vulgar" curiosity and the ferretings of Press-men are satisfied, so far as may be, as a matter of course, and with courtesy. Photographers and writers-up of Royalty are admitted and given all reasonable facilities. It is recognised by a Monarchy which nowadays has nothing whatever to hide and very, very much to disclose with advantages and for good example, that public interest in the private lives of royalties and the workings of the Court is legitimate and deep-seated and widespread in the Western World, and everything possible is done to feed that appetite and to serve the demand from day to day. As a result, perhaps, the personal columnist has grown more daring and intrusive than for many decades. But it is not yet quite clear who should and who should not join in the publicity movement, nor what is and is not legitimate disclosure, nor is it yet widely appreciated how very much the virtue of legitimate disclosure depends on the tastes, selection, tact and literary quality of the discloser.

The danger lies in the licence taken by the ill-informed, the commercially-minded, the tasteless, the keyhole type of spy. You may have two accounts of the same quite innocent, trivial occurrence, exact in point of factual detail, the one charming and elevating, the other poisonous or derogatory. It is all a matter of taste and choice of words. On that account this acceptance of publicity is a danger, and there are many who may even to-day conclude that the mystery which used to surround the throne, until the death of Queen Victoria at least, has been perhaps too swiftly or too completely dissipated.

The British Monarchy was never so firmly established in the affection and admiration of the Commonwealth, and, indeed, of the Western World, as to-day; indeed, it is looked upon as an ideal, a cultural model of domestic life and manners, of duty and service, and, *ipso facto*, as a vital influence in international relations. The political importance of the Monarchy has grown while its constitutional importance has been reduced. Yet it is not to be denied that much of the detail of life at Court is of very trivial or secondary importance and concerns matters which philosophers regard as baubles and child's play, and grave statesmen attend to merely because they acknowledge the necessity of ministering to the frailties of the human kind while ever seeking to stimulate its nobler impulses. Thus, any picture of life behind the palace gates must supply many details not particularly edifying or uplifting, the jealousies and quarrels of Ministers, the angling for honours, the hunt for decorations and preferment even in the Church, the rivalry and wounded vanity of Army and Navy commanders, and the enormous amount of time and importance devoted and attached to the selection and bestowal of a score of orders, stars, ribbons and medals, in their complicated grades, on those who perhaps deserve them and on those who plead and push for them. And it must be admitted that the advance of democracy and the incidence of austerity have now made one or two of these famous orders mere museum pieces.

Add to these matters the time and pains devoted to details of ceremonial, the importance attached to questions of precedence and precedent on all such occasions, and a serious-minded man might well be excused if he concluded that life at Court was largely concerned with the childish playthings, and that it was very doubtful if disclosure of such details was beneficial to the Monarchy.

In the last decade some colour has been lent to such a view by the publication of letters and diaries of two of the most confidential and important servants of the Monarchy, father and son, of a family long identified with faithful service to our sovereigns.

It is not to be denied that these disclosures are, in the main, of very trivial matters, and underline or bring out the weaknesses rather than the nobility in human nature. But a closer examination brings out some arguments in a contrary sense. A monarchy, however democratic, however constitutional, must devote as much serious attention to ceremonial and pomps as to its constitutional functions and duties. What the philosopher rejects as baubles, the statesman acknowledges as important and an essential truckling to human vanity, ambition and frailty, and it follows that the conscientious sovereign must side with the statesman and not with the philosopher, in this branch of his function.

Close examination of these writings reveals another important detail. In the record of these trivial matters, many people are shown up as more vain and more trivial than the public supposed them to be, but it is to be observed that this loss of face does not affect the Royal performers. Many a statesman, general, admiral, bishop or courtier is made to look small indeed, but Royalty suffers no diminution of dignity. And it becomes clearer, as you read, that in each case the writer of the disclosures is utterly convinced, the staunchest upholder, of the importance of the Monarchy. Thus one may conclude that whenever good taste, discretion and wise selection govern such disclosed peeps behind the scenes, no harm is done to the institution of Monarchy, while much valuable data are given to the social historian. Moreover, a wise man or woman, a strong character, be he king or carpenter, is never belittled by the revelation of his foibles, even eccentricities. On the contrary, his face is the stronger and more lifelike, if he be painted with his worts, and if sometimes a king is seen as the nurse of greedy, quarrelsome children, the dignity of the nanny's noble reveal him as the pendulum, though no longer as the "works," of the State clock. But even a sober and informed retired courtier can never in his memoirs supply that balanced picture and the *sober* side. An authorised biographer may receive permission to make use of the archives wherein State confidential matters lie hidden; the ex-courtier, however confidential and informed when in office, receives no such permission, nor do his public or his publishers require such "balance" at his hands. They *ask* for the trivial side, as sensational, as scandalous as may be. Even from the grave and sober courtier, they ask for pomps and vanities in preference to protocols and politics, while from the keyhole spy and the Court traitor nothing but triviality and exaggeration, fulsome flattery or malicious denigration can be expected.

There is no doubt at all that to-day a sharp reaction against this everlasting publicity of the Royal family in its goings and comings, its private life, is not only due, but would be welcomed by a majority of the nation which is growing bored with or ashamed of treating its honoured Royal House by the methods and the persistence of a film-star's publicity agent. Unfortunately, there is no law to forbid any cat from snap-shooting any king and from publishing the result.

job is thereby enhanced. But if neither taste, nor selection, nor knowledge directs such blabbing, it is a very different story and a very lamentable example of commercial treachery.

But, broadly, many thinking men, concerned for the maintenance of the British Monarchy at its present peak, will probably cry *halt* to the present tendency towards unrestrained Court publicity. Quite apart from whether the old constitutional historians were right in insisting on a veil of mystery before the Throne, it must be remembered that, while the ill-informed columnist and the palace spy can do a great deal of harm, the sober, the well-informed, even the licensed Court memoir writer is debarred from doing much good. The biographer of a dead king or even of a living king is concerned with the whole picture and concerned with the whole truth. He can, and does, show the sovereign at his desk, engaged in his continuous and arduous duties with his "boxes," in his consultations with his Ministers, in all his vital constitutional labours. They

PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE MEET—THE PRINCESS IN CONVERSATION WITH HER FRIEND THE EARL OF DALKEITH AT THE RECENT MEET OF THE BUCCLEUCH AT HUME CASTLE: The Princess was on holiday at Marchmont House, Berwickshire, as the guest of Captain and Mrs. J. H. J. McEwen. In the background of the picture, from left to right, are Lady Hesketh, Mrs. McEwen and Miss Anne Somerset.

BOOTED AND SPURRED

JANUARY DAYS IN THE HUNTING FIELD; AND SOME ASPECTS OF THE SOCIAL ROUND

AT A WALDORF-ASTORIA BALL: The Duke of Windsor, with Mrs. Winston Guest, seen together at a charity ball in New York, the proceeds of which went to the Korean War Wounded Fund.

On left—

AT THE MEET OF THE HEYTHROP AT BLENHEIM PALACE: Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, with Captain Montgomery Charrington. Lady Rosemary, who is twenty-two, is third daughter of the Duke of Marlborough and a sister of the Marquess of Blandford.

THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD AT THE BLENHEIM PALACE MEET: This January meet of the Heythrop on the palace lawns proved a great attraction. The Marquess's marriage in 1951, it will be remembered, was one of the great social events of the season.

MISS IRIS PEAKE, WHO HAS JUST TAKEN UP HER DUTIES AS TEMPORARY LADY-IN-WAITING TO PRINCESS MARGARET: She succeeds Miss Jennifer Bevan in this post as the latter is getting married. Miss Peake is the daughter of Mr. Osbert Peake, Minister of National Insurance in Mr. Churchill's Government.

OUT WITH THE BOLD BUCCLEUCH DURING HER BORDER HOLIDAY: Princess Margaret, who has been staying with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, standing in the snow as she attended a meet of the famous pack at the kennels at St. Boswells. The Earl of Dalkeith, mounted on a strapping grey, is on the right.

THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET COMPANY'S REVIVAL OF "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY" AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN: John Field (Prince Florimund) and Beryl Grey (Princess Aurora) are on the right of the Corps de Ballet in Act II of Marius Petipa's ballet of the fairy-story to Tchaikovsky's music, which was the company's biggest production after the war when first presented in 1946. Oliver Messel's lovely settings and costumes have been repainted and renewed for the revival.

It was in 1946 that the Sadler's Wells Ballet performed their biggest new production, *The Sleeping Beauty*, for the first time at the Royal Opera House. The part of Princess Aurora was danced by Margot Fonteyn and by Pamela May. Later in the year, Moira Shearer and Beryl Grey were given the chance to dance this exacting role and, in 1948, Dame Ninette de Valois decided that Violetta Elvin should do it. This year, two other young dancers—twenty-two-year-old South African Nadia Nerina and twenty-four-year-old London-born Rosemary Lindsay—are to take turns with Beryl Grey and Violetta Elvin as Princess Aurora. Beryl Grey danced on the first night, followed on Friday of last week by Violetta Elvin. Nadia Nerina took the stage at last Saturday's matinee and Rosemary Lindsay will be the last of the four Auroras when she appears in next Saturday's matinee. In the first-night production Violetta Elvin danced one of the Blue Birds, and Rosemary Lindsay was the Lilac Fairy.

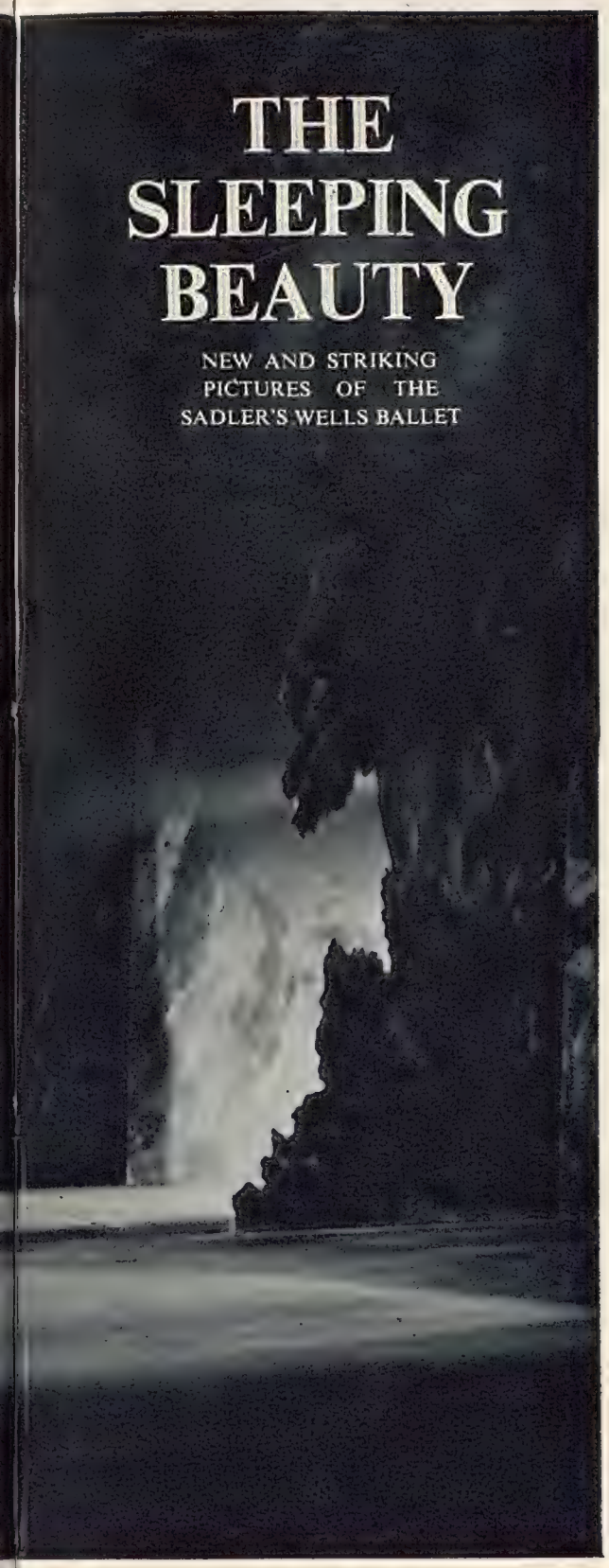
The present season of opera and ballet at Covent Garden includes *Les Sylphides*, *Giselle*, *Ballabilé*, *Symphonic Variations*, *Don Quixote*, *Coppelia*, *Daphnis and Chloé*, *Les Pâtineurs*, *Ballet Imperial*, *Façade* and *Donald of the Burthens*, the Scottish ballet, with choreography by Leonide Massine and music by Ian Whyte, which was given its first performance last month. Two other new ballets are to be performed this season—Andrée Howard's *Mirror for Witches*, with music by Dennis Apivor and costumes by Norman Adams, which has its première on March 4, and a new ballet by John Cranko, to be performed in April. The Opera has already had one new production in Benjamin Britten's *Billy Budd*, and, next Tuesday, the Covent Garden Opera Company is to give the first performance in England of Alban Berg's opera, *Wozzeck*. The opera will be conducted by Erich Kleiber, who directed the world première in Berlin in 1925.

Margot Fonteyn, who has been away with an injury to her foot, will return to Covent Garden on February 9 as Chloé in *Daphnis and Chloé* (the role which has been danced by Pauline Clayden). Her only other appearances in the present season will be in *Don Quixote* and *Tiresias*.

THE WICKED FAIRY CARABOSSE TAKES THE CENTRE OF THE STAGE: The original Fairy Carabosse was Robert Helpmann, now a well-established straight actor. Frederick Ashton again dances the role in the new revival, and he has also arranged some of the solo dances after the original choreography of Marius Petipa.

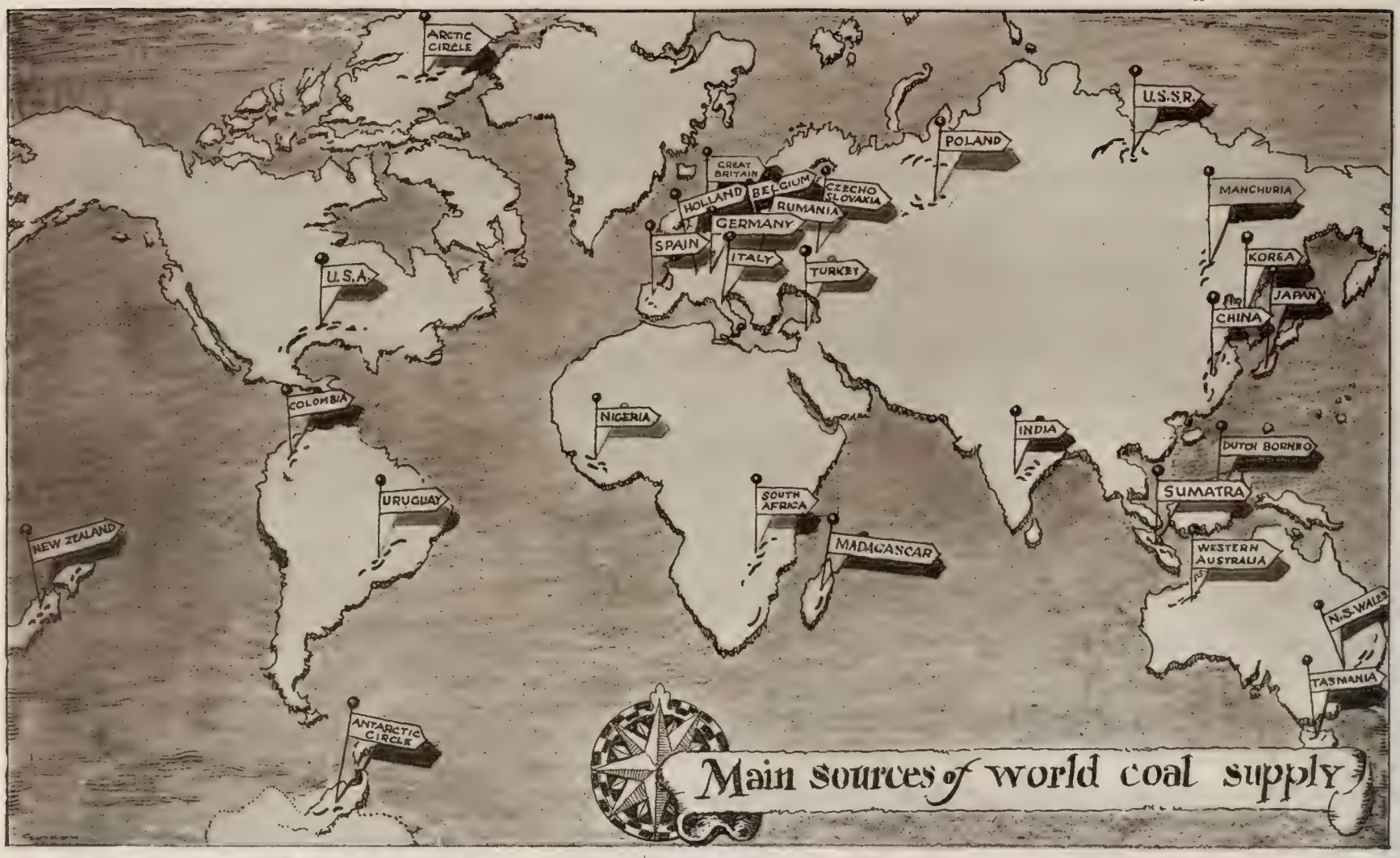
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

NEW AND STRIKING PICTURES OF THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET



PRINCE FLORIMUND AND PRINCESS AURORA: John Field and Beryl Grey are the leading dancers in *The Sleeping Beauty*. Both are English-born and both joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet in 1941. Beryl Grey danced her first leading role in *Swan Lake* on her fifteenth birthday. John Field has danced the Prince in *Swan Lake*.

ANOTHER SCENE FROM ACT II OF "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY," WITH JOHN FIELD, BERYL GREY AND THE CORPS DE BALLET: This remarkable performance photograph shows very clearly the young ladies of the Corps de Ballet, whose high standard of dancing is a feature of Dame Ninette de Valois' training. This season four dancers will be taking the part of Princess Aurora. Since 1946 there have been seven Auroras—Margot Fonteyn, Pamela May, Moira Shearer, Beryl Grey, Violetta Elvin and the two newcomers—Nadia Nerina and Rosemary Lindsay.



COAL STILL THE WORLD'S MAIN SOURCE OF ENERGY—A DIAGRAMMATIC SKETCH BY GORDON NICOLL SHOWING THE MAIN CENTRES OF COAL PRODUCTION: Europe is still a vast producer, notably Britain with her figures in excess of 222,000,000 tons and the German Federal Republic with a total of 118,900,000 tons, which exceeded the record figure for 1936, when output was 117,000,000 tons. The German Coal Board reckons that in 1951 the countries covered by the Schuman Plan produced 231,000,000 tons, Western Germany's share being 51.5 per cent. The United States is the world's biggest coal-consumer, and her reserves are enormous and easily worked. The Soviet Union now claims to be the world's second largest coal-producer. China has vast reserves, for the most part untapped.

COAL IN THIS ATOMIC AGE

A Survey of a Mighty Industry and the Vital Part it Must Continue to Play in World Economy

By IVOR THOMAS (M.P. for Keighley, 1942—50)

Since the close of the Second World War coal has been the No. 1 topic among the countries of Europe. For all of them, old allies and former foes alike, it has been the key to partial recovery, whether it came from their own pits or from lands with which Marshall Aid had brought them into brotherly association. It is still the vital topic, hence the chorus of praise for Britain's miners when the figure of 222,000,000 tons produced in 1951 was announced on January 2; hence the thankfulness expressed by the German leaders in Bonn when the Federal Republic topped by 7,500,000 tons its output figures for 1950. Coal, however, can never be a mere matter of production figures. As Sir William Lawther, the miners' president, reminded us in his New Year message to the British coalfields, it is the human balance-sheet that has to be added up as well; and there could hardly have been a man or woman in Britain without the deepest sympathy in the president's crusade for an all-out effort to increase safety in the mines.

In this special SPHERE *feature, Ivor Thomas, former M.P. for Keighley, a native of the Monmouthshire mining valleys, and the author of "Coal in the New Era," an important volume in the years between the wars, gives a wide-ranging survey of the world's coal industry, while Gordon Nicoll and H. A. Freeth contribute a series of drawings in the main illustrative of life and work in the pits, where such radical changes have taken place in the post-war days.*

WHENEVER we get a coal shortage some of us are apt to console ourselves with the thought: "Ah, well, before long we shall be heating the bath water with atomic energy."

It is not a consolation that those best qualified to speak are prepared to endorse. I remember how the late Lord Rutherford used to emphasise that in order to split the atom he had to put far more energy into it than was released; and I see that Mr. Robert A. Millikan, who is only one degree less qualified than Rutherford to express a view, has just written about the disintegration of uranium: "As an *economical*, long-range source of power for the power industry, in my opinion this method is out."

We may take it for granted that for so long as we can foresee, the world's main source of energy will be coal. Plans for harnessing the tides and the winds can be efficiently used only to supplement the energy derived from coal. Old King Coal shows no sign of being dethroned. To-day he provides 95 per cent. of the country's power, light and heat; under ½ per cent. comes from water-power.

Those who have been thinking wistfully of atomic energy may comfort themselves with the reflection that the energy of coal is really derived from the transformation of atoms in the sun long ages ago. Under the terrific pressures and temperatures in the interior of the sun, hydrogen atoms are continually being fused to form helium atoms, and, in so doing, they release radiant energy which streams out into all directions in space. Some of this prodigal energy fell on the young earth and raised great ferns and the first real trees. When this luxuriant vegetation decayed, it became covered with débris and sediment. It was submerged by the sea and then the sea retreated. In due course another forest rose over it, to meet a like fate. The strata thus laid down were pushed and pulled about in all directions by convulsions

(*Continued on following page*)

THE NIGHT SHIFT COMING OFF: This drawing by Andrew Freeth, typical of his many fine pictures of coal-mining men, was made at the Seven Sisters Colliery, Neath, in the Glamorganshire mining area.

MEN OF THE MINES

Some Characteristic Types

DRAWN BY H. A. FREETH

It is doubtful whether any other living artist has ever portrayed such a wide range of characters in one industry as Andrew Freeth. He has drawn miners and mining characters from all parts of Britain. Some of his drawings have been hung in the Royal Academy, the Scottish Academy, the Royal Water Colour Society's exhibition, and in other galleries up and down the country. Freeth's most sustained contributions have been to the National Coal Board's magazine "Coal," which, ever since he did his first "Pit Profile" in 1946, before nationalisation was an accomplished fact, has given his work great prominence. The pictures on this page were made in the Fifeshire and the Welsh coalfields, and even those who do not know the coalfields well will feel that here indeed is the authentic touch. Freeth catches the spirit of the mining men as it has seldom been achieved before.

JOHN HOOD, OF COWDENBEATH: Here Andrew Freeth gives his impression of a Fifeshire miner against the very familiar background of the slag-tips.

THE STERN, SET JAW OF THE MINER INURED TO HARDSHIP: This is another portrait of John Hood, of Cowdenbeath, made by Mr. Freeth during a visit to the Fifeshire coalfield in 1947. *Below*—JOHN REES DANIELS, THE WINDING ENGINEMAN: This portrait was drawn at the Pentre Mawr Colliery, in South Wales.

COAL IN THIS ATOMIC AGE

(*Continued from previous page*)

of the earth's crust, and in the course of time, under the pressure of the superincumbent rocks, the layers of vegetation thus laid down became coal.

To his delight, primitive man found that where it outcropped, he could break off pieces and burn them so as to give out heat. He had discovered "bottled sunshine."

In the Middle Ages men began cautiously to use "sea coal"—that is, coal brought by sea, probably from Newcastle—to warm their homes. It was a great day in the history of the human race when someone invented the chimney, and we can see from the number of them at Hampton Court how they delighted our Tudor ancestors. In eighteenth-century England men began to use coal on a big scale for industry, especially for raising steam, and they found ways of digging deep down into the earth to bring more and more coal to the surface. The demand for coal grew apace, and women and children were sent down the pits to bring it to the surface. They suffered much, and in 1842 Parliament rightly decreed that getting coal was a man's job; but out of their labours Britain became the first industrial nation in the world.

New uses were continually being found for coal. When heated in an oven, or carbonised, it was found to yield coke and tar and gas; the tar was found to contain a wonderful range of substances, and became the basis of the dyestuffs and chemical industries. Used to turn a dynamo, the energy of the coal became converted into electrical energy, and could be carried to its destination along wires instead of in trucks.

The coal industry has gone through every kind of vicissitude. At the beginning of the present century the demand for coal was increasing so rapidly that alarm was felt lest the coal measures should be exhausted, and a tax was put on exports of coal. After the First World War the spectacular increase in the demand for coal was not only halted, but dropped so much that Welsh and Durham miners walked the streets of London singing for money, and bitterness spread. Now for many years we have been unable to get as much coal as we need; there is work in the pits for every miner, and they are again among the best-paid workers, as they should be.

Thanks to the geologists, we can give up any fear that the coal seams will get used up. There is plenty of coal in the world—under the surface; but it must be got to the surface before it can do useful work. In this country coal has been worked intensively longer than anywhere else, but in 1946 the Government's Coal Survey estimated that there were sufficient reserves to maintain output for a hundred years—and by that time atomic energy will, no doubt, have become an industrial reality. Other countries have even larger reserves. The United States is the world's biggest coal consumer, but has enough reserves to maintain output for at least 2,000 years. Whereas most of our coal is now deep down, and some is being worked 4,000 ft. below the surface, the American seams lie near the surface and are easily worked; a quarter of the United States output comes from open-cast mining. This not only goes a long way to explain why the American output a man-shift is higher than the British, but also helps to explain why the United States has become the most powerful nation in the world. Coal is power in the political as well as the industrial sense, as the late Ernest Bevin realised when he dreamt of the foreign policy he might have if only he had an extra 40,000,000 tons of coal a year at his disposal.

The Soviet Union now claims to be the world's second largest coal producer; it is noticeable how there seems to be a close correlation between political influence and coal production. The Soviet Union, incidentally, has no compunction in using women to work in its mines to further its industrial revolution, as we used to do in ours. If China moves into the ranks of the Great Powers, it will also be on the basis of vast coal reserves which have as yet been hardly touched. The Chinese reserves of anthracite are not surpassed in the world, and her bituminous reserves are second only to those of the United States; but in the most literal sense the

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A DRILLER BORING SHOT-HOLES :
The miner is seen working beneath a very low ceiling and by the light of the lamp attached to his headgear. The holes for the explosive charges are bored several feet into the coal and are about 1¾ ins. in diameter. They are made by a portable electric drill. Before putting in the cartridges the hole is carefully examined to see there are no breaks in it and especially to discover if there is any pocket of gas in it. For this purpose a safety lamp is held up to the hole and the behaviour of the little flame inside will tell its own tale quickly enough. The cartridges are then pushed home, tamped with clay, and wired up to a battery. All miners in the vicinity move to a safe distance and then the explosive is fired. The work of coal-getting is divided through the twenty-four hours into three shifts. In a mechanised pit it is the men of the morning shift, or foreshift, who actually shovel the coal on to the conveyors. The other two shifts work to prepare for this operation, moving the conveyor forward, putting pit-props in position and withdrawing old ones to clear a way for the coal-cutter, which cuts a long slot into the new face, and lastly, as depicted here, drilling holes in the undercut mass of coal.

COAL IN THIS ATOMIC AGE

(*Continued from previous page*)

surface has been barely scratched. Australia has enough reserves of black coal—that is what Australians call bituminous coal, as opposed to lignite or brown coal—to maintain her present output for a thousand years ; but Australia is going to need a bigger output as her population increases. The black coal is found mainly in New South Wales—hence the name—but Victoria has largely freed itself from dependence on New South Wales by a remarkable use of its brown coal reserves in the forms of briquettes to generate electricity. Queensland has, only a few feet beneath the surface, two large coalfields that are being exploited by open-cast mining.

We need not therefore worry, as the oil companies sometimes worry, lest reserves should get used up. But we can no longer count on getting coal by the easy methods of the past.

The British economy has been built up on cheap coal ; and coal was cheap because labour was plentiful and cheap in the days when there were only ten jobs for every eleven men. " It 's not cheap coal you want, it 's cheap colliers," was the tremendous taunt hurled by one rising Welsh politician in a maiden speech at an even more eminent Welsh statesman. Whatever the truth about such charges, we shall never see these conditions again. When I was a boy there was a song that used to be sung after the terrible Senghenydd explosion of 1913, in which 439 miners lost their lives : " Don't go down in the mine, Dad." This sentiment has sunk home only too well, and in a period of full employment recruitment to the mines has not kept pace with wastage. Moreover, public opinion and the laws of economics alike demand that those who do go down in the mine shall be among the best-paid of British workers. This means that coal will never again be as cheap relatively to other commodities as it used to be. Because it was cheap, it was used with a prodigal wastefulness.

To meet these changes a veritable revolution has been taking place in coal-getting and coal-using. Let me say at once that this has nothing to do with nationalisation, for or against, and it is something much bigger in the history of the industry than nationalisation. The Coal Industry Nationalisation Act, 1946, will be seen in due course as an incident in a still greater transformation that began in the '30's and is now being brought to completion.

This transformation is twofold. In the first place, coal-mining has to accommodate itself to the fact that there are now fewer miners, and those much more highly paid. This means a revolution in the lay-out of pits and in the methods of getting coal and transporting it to the surface. Horizon mining is being adopted in a large number of cases ; that is to say, several seams are simultaneously worked, as on the Continent, instead of single-seam extraction, which has been the usual British method. Almost all coal will be got and loaded by machinery. Even before the war, machines had largely taken the place of the hand-operated pick for coal-getting, and since the war, spectacular machines have been developed for cutting and loading the coal in one operation. The reliance on machinery means that the general system of mining in Britain will be the longwall method, by which roads are driven adjacent to the long sides of a rectangular seam of coal, and the seam is extracted, preferably starting from the far end (longwall retreating). One of the great advantages of horizon mining is that coal can be transported underground by locomotives. The committee of engineers presided over by Sir Charles Reid in 1945 found in the system of underground haulage the weakest point in British mining as opposed to Continental practice. In the well-constructed pits of the future, coal will probably be hauled by Diesel locomotives, and rope haulage will go the way of the pit pony and the child with a basket on its back. Coal will be wound—that is, taken in cages up the shaft to the surface—on two shifts a day instead of the present normal one shift.

These changes cannot all be fitted into our present pits ; and many of our existing pits will be allowed to close when their useful life approaches its end. About 350 to 400 of the smaller pits in our present total of 950 will cease to produce, and output will be concentrated in the modernised remaining pits and in the new mines that will be sunk. It is in these new pits that the new techniques will be best seen. About a score will have shafts sunk deep into the earth in the usual manner—though " usual " is hardly the word to describe the first one driven down at Calverton, near Nottingham. It was planned and begun before the war by the former private owners and is being completed by the National Coal Board. To reach 100,000,000 tons of virgin coal it was planned to drive a shaft 1,750 ft. which passes through 450 ft. of water. In order to make it possible, the water was frozen by a cold brine solution—and electric heaters had to be introduced to keep the tools working in the Arctic temperature ! When the shaft had been sunk and lined with cast-iron and concrete, the ice was artificially thawed.

About fifty of the new mines will be entered by drifts or inclines. These are broad tunnels driven through the rock until the coal is reached. It is curious how fashions come in

NANTGARW GETS THE BEST OUT OF THE
completed on a new site under national became possible to work a larger area operate it. When the peak load of 1,500 to town gas to Pontypridd, Cardiff and Caerphil of sulphur is extracted, and 3,000 gallons com

again, for drifts were much used in the early days of the industry and are now coming into use again as the latest thing. The Havannah drift mine, which is being sunk near Dinnington, in Northumberland, will have a pair of drifts dipping for most of their length at 1 in 6·74. Each will be 14 ft. wide, 9½ ft. high and 1,192 yards long.

The miners who work in these pits will be skilled men, proud of their craft, and the human side is not being overlooked. Slowly but surely, science is making our pits safer places in which to work. The pitheads had been much improved even before the war, especially by the provision of pithead baths. Not only did the baths revolutionise the home life of the miners, but the architecture of the buildings struck a new note in the coalfields. Now a determined effort is being made to give the miners homes worthy of their calling. The long, depressing rows of miners' cottages are not necessary. How much of the trouble in the coalfields is to be put down to the depressing surroundings in which the men spend their surface hours? Now in many places, but notably in Fifeshire, model mining villages are being created.

This is the producing side of the picture; and, of course, it will cost money. This is compelling a like revolution at the using end.

The way the country has used its coal in the past has rightly been called a "burning shame." Of the 40,000,000 or 50,000,000 tons a year burnt in domestic grates, at least 30,000,000 tons is wasted. Not only is it wasted in chimney fires, but it pollutes the atmosphere, soils clothes, disfigures buildings, and even by chemical action tears asunder great blocks of masonry. The burning of 1 ton of coal does at least £1 worth of damage. It causes the Palace of Westminster to be perpetually encased in scaffolding for repairs—but our legislators do nothing about it, and now cannot until supplies of gas and electricity and more efficient equipment become easier. Industry has been little better than the domestic user. When coal could be bought for 10s. a ton, manufacturers did not care how wastefully they used it, and were, indeed, rather partial to black smoke—"Where there 's muck, there 's money," they used to say in Yorkshire. But now that coal costs 50s. a ton at the pithead, manufacturers are more interested in plant that will burn coal efficiently.

Electricity has many attractions as a form of light and power, but as a method of using the energy in coal it gets very low marks. In our most efficient generating

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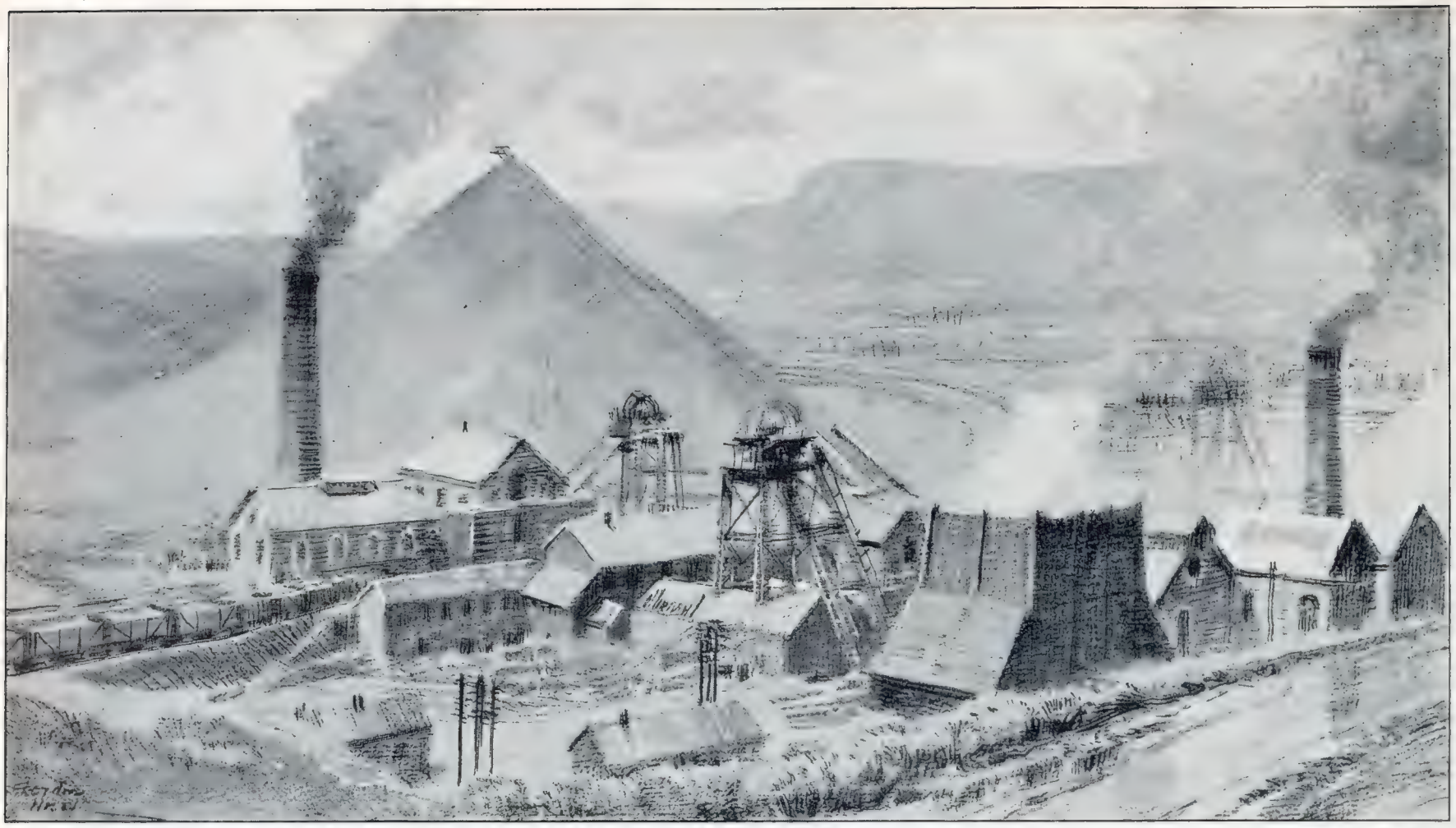
COAL-GETTING IN QUEENSLAND—CLIFFS OF PURE COAL AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE MAIN WORKING FACE IN THE OPEN-CAST MINES AT BLAIR ATHOL, NEAR EMERALD: At few other places in the world can coal be worked with such ease, but the problem of transporting it from the Clermont District of Central Queensland has hitherto held up development on a large scale. It is a strange reflection that the greatest deposits of coal in the world tend to lie in the least accessible places. In Manchuria, Rhodesia and Queensland there are enormous deposits easily worked and highly suited to industrial needs. Blair Athol has proved reserves of 400,000,000 tons of coal. The solid black seams are 60 to 80 ft. thick and lie under a comparatively light covering of earth. In no case is the overburden more than 84 ft., and in some cases it is as little as 27 ft.

COAL—ONE OF THE GREAT NEW PLANTS OF THE SOUTH WALES COALFIELD: The new Simon-Carves coke oven and by-product plant at Nantgarw is the first of its type to be ...sation. The original Nantgarw carbonisation scheme was drawn up by Powell Duffryn Ltd., but it was revised when the National Coal Board took over, because it then ... coal. The erection of the Nantgarw plant has cost about £3,000,000, and it can treat about 1,500 tons of coal per day, but only a few men, working in three shifts of thirty-five, are required to ... is passing through Nantgarw, 1,100 tons of coke are produced, and about 18,000,000 cubic ft. of gas are made available to the surrounding area every day, the three main artery pipes carrying ... In addition, 40 tons of tar are sent each day to the distillery at Caerphilly, 4 tons of concentrated ammonia to the Imperial Chemical Industry's works at Morristown, where a small amount ... from Nantgarw's benzole plant. The coal for treatment at Nantgarw comes in great measure from the revived Nantgarw pit, but a proportion is from the nearby Windsor and Abercynon Collieries.



MINING'S OLD SKYLINE—THE PITHEAD AT THE COLLIERY AT CAERAU, GLAMORGAN, SHOWING CHARACTERISTIC BUILDINGS BELONGING TO THE EARLY DAYS OF THE MINEFIELD: From anthracite in the north-west of the coalfield to coking coals along the South and South-East Crop, South Wales has for long offered a wide range and, despite years of large-scale operation, the types of coal available are those most badly needed to-day. If other things were equal, the reserves of South Wales would be of supreme importance in the nation's economy, but there is in certain areas much faulting, and the coalfield has been much entered by sporadic mining operations. Even so, the total quantities of workable coal are very great (second only to Yorkshire) in the proved regions of Britain.—*Special* Sphere *drawing by Gordon Nicoll.*

MINING'S NEW SKYLINE—THE MODERN COLLIERY AT MOSLEY COMMON, SHOWING BRITAIN'S BIGGEST COAL PREPARATION PLANT: To enable it to produce more coal with higher efficiency and greater safety, the British coal-mining industry is being re-equipped above and below ground. New pits are being developed and existing ones modernised. At Mosley Common, where the majestic reinforced concrete headgear dominates a major surface reconstruction scheme, the new coal-cleaning plant—the biggest in the country—came into operation at the end of 1949. The specialised nature of modern coal-cleaning is widely recognised.—*Special* Sphere *drawing by Gordon Nicoll.*

COAL IN THIS ATOMIC AGE

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stations only 30 per cent. of the energy of the coal is transformed into electrical energy. The rest goes in making the Thames a little warmer. If we made heating water the primary object and generating electricity the secondary, we should get a far more efficient use of coal, but we cannot now scrap the "Grid" and start a new policy. The urgent need is for new plant to meet the continually rising demand for electricity.

Only carbonisation gets high marks as a form of using the energy in coal. About 80 per cent. of the energy of the coal is thereby used. Just consider the riches that can be extracted from 1 ton of coal by carbonisation in modern coke ovens. In the first place there is the solid product—14 cwt. of coke used for extracting iron from its ore to make steel. Secondly, there are the liquid products—8 to 10 gallons of tar and 30 gallons of ammonium liquor. The tar yields road tar for binding together the surface of our highways, creosote for use as a wood preservative, disinfectants, pitch and a host of other products; it is the basis of many dyestuffs and paints, it provides raw materials for plastics, and by hydrogenation it can be made to give motor spirit. Bishop Berkeley once wrote a dissertation on the virtues of tar-water, but he did not know that tar can be made to produce everything from mothballs to motor spirit. The ammonium liquor may be turned into 24 lb. of ammonium sulphate for fertilisers, along with chemical products for industrial uses, including the making of sulphuric acid. The gaseous products are 12,000 cub. ft. of crude gas. This can be stripped to give 3½ gallons of crude benzole, which, in turn, can be refined to 3 gallons of motor spirit, or can be turned into benzine, toluene and xylene and used for making explosives and other products. The stripped gas is in part used for heating the coke ovens, and in part turned into the mains for use by industry or towns.

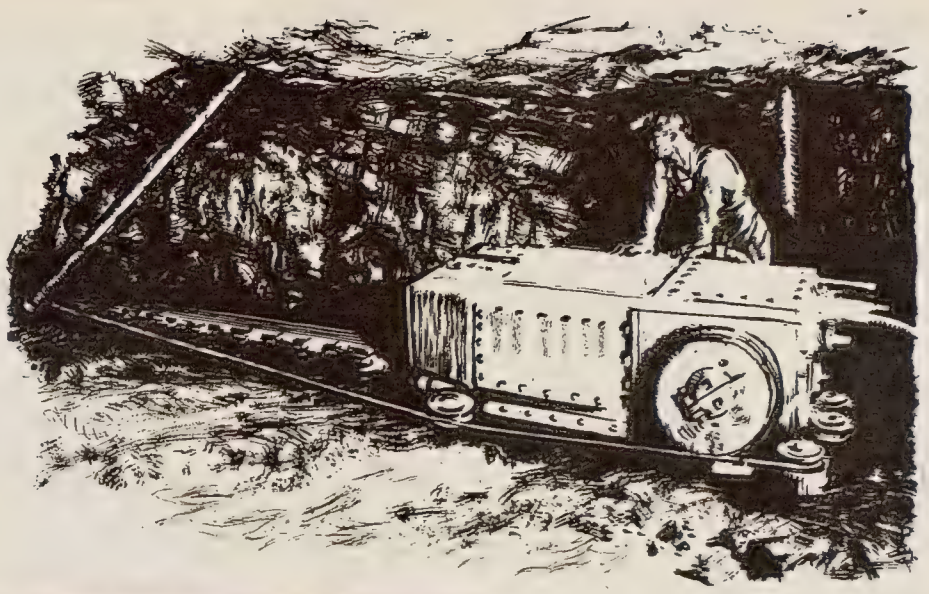
These facts have long been known to the men of science, but in future, owing to the need to use coal efficiently, they are going to play a bigger part in our economic life. The great new coke ovens completed at Nantgarw, in Glamorgan, and the even greater ovens under construction at Chesterfield are signs of the times.

The Nantgarw and Chesterfield projects are part of a plan drawn up by the National Coal Board, embracing the schemes of their predecessors, to reconstruct the British coal industry from top to bottom. It is expected that by 1961-65 some 80,000 fewer miners will produce 20,000,000 tons more coal—240,000,000 tons a year. Between now and 1965 it will be necessary to invest £635,000,000 in the industry, of which £115,000,000 will be spent on ancillary plant, such as coke ovens and briquetting works. It will be the greatest technical revolution in the history of the industry. Coal has not only a past, but a bright future.

THE OLD ORDER THAT IS PASSING IN THE MINES : The pit pony still has his uses in taking coal to the main haulage, but his days in the pit are numbered and no mechanised colliery needs equine help below ground. In the last twenty-five years more humane methods have obtained in the treatment of pit ponies, and much care has been taken to give them regular spells above ground.

Below—

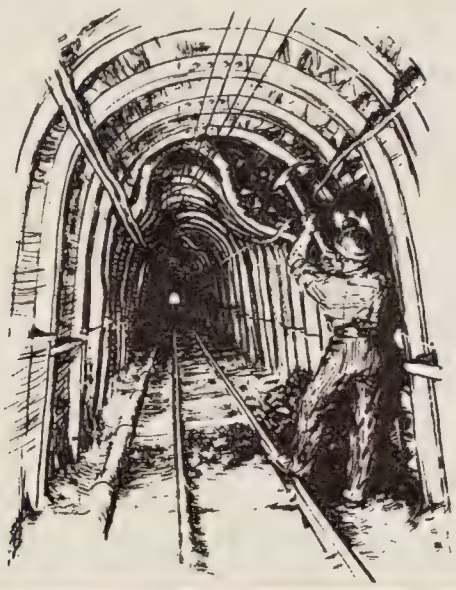
WORKING ON A "CRUSH" IN THE HARLEY RETURN IN THE MAYPOLE PIT, NEAR WIGAN : What pressure, or "crushes," as they call them, can do to tunnels is one of the most astonishing features in modern mining. Generally in driving tunnels through the rock the miner encounters few troubles, but at the Maypole pit and at others in the vicinity these "crushes" are common. In the Wigan area subsidence is the great problem, and dealing with the shifting strata can be very costly.



THE NEW ORDER WHICH IS TAKING POSSESSION IN THE MINES : A modern shortwall coal-cutter in operation near the coal-face. The application of this machine is the cutting of faces not more than 20 ft. in length, such as the short, stable hole on a longwall power-loading face, and to an extent in development work.

Below—

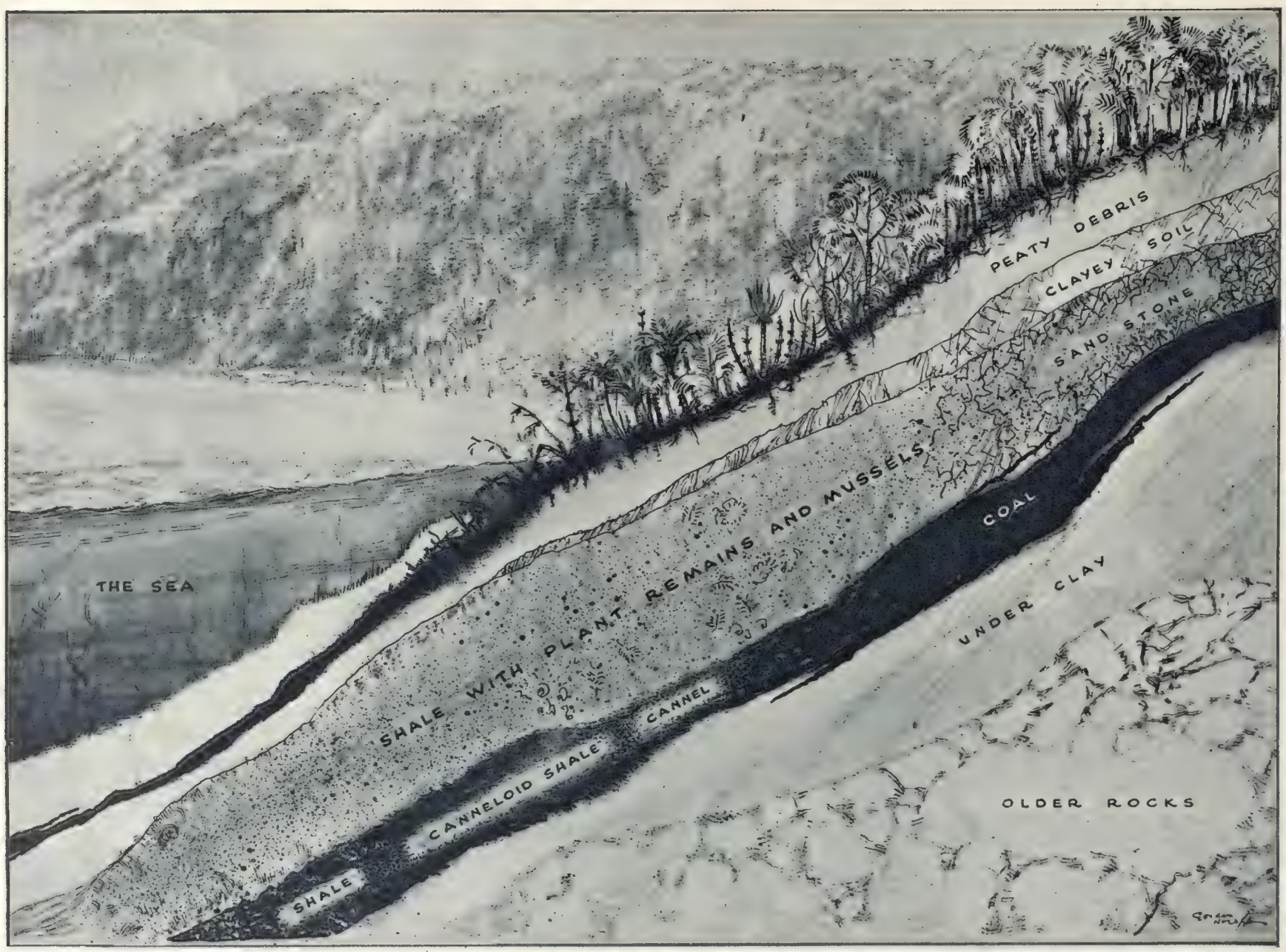
EXEMPLIFYING MODERN CONTINUOUS MINING METHODS : A coal-cutter is seen at work in the Llanharan Colliery where hydraulic pit-props are in operation, their main advantages being that they are easy to set and safe to withdraw. There are a whole host of coal-getting machines in use in British and American pits, including shortwall cutters, arc shearing cutters, longwall undercutters, longwall overcutters and longwall loaders. The coal seams vary so greatly in the British coalfields that any standard equipment would be impossible.



MANAGEMENTS EVERYWHERE SEEK TO REDUCE THE UNPRODUCTIVE TIME SPENT BY COLLIERS IN TRAVELLING TO THEIR WORKING PLACES : Time apart, most men prefer riding to the coal-face, and one day it will doubtless become the practice in every British mine as it is already in nearly every American mine. In some American mines the most remote workings are as far as six miles from the point of entry. Locomotive haulage rather than rope haulage is an advantage, as it enables trains to be run at any time during a shift, and interference with coal transport is thus reduced.

Special "Sphere" Drawings
By GORDON NICOLL

HOUSING THE MINER—A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST AND A HINT OF THE FUTURE IN THE BRITISH COALFIELDS TO-DAY : *Left*—A miner coming home with the dawn in a typical street in the Durham mining area before modern housing developments were set in motion. *Right*—Miners' houses at Edwinstone, Notts, typical of the high standards which have been aimed at in the post-war years. How some of the housing estates in the colliery areas of Britain came into being in the last century is one of the tragedies of the industrial revolution, and the way in which those estates, often consisting of back-to-back houses, drifted into slumdom is common knowledge. The problem of rehousing the miner cannot be tackled adequately, it is said, even in a quarter of a century, but already some progress has been made.



HOW THE FORESTS OF THE CARBONIFEROUS AGE BECAME COAL—A DIAGRAM BY GORDON NICOLL SHOWING STAGES IN THE TRANSFORMATION: During millions of years and under enormous pressure from the rocks that formed above, pulped layers of vegetable matter—trees, leaves and slime—have been converted into the black wealth of the world's coalfields.

Coal in this Atomic Age

FROM CYCADS TO NYLONS

How the Great Forests of the Carboniferous Age Became the Coal So Useful to Man

Long before the Age of the Great Reptiles, before even the first true flowering plants had made their appearance, there flourished on the earth fantastic evergreen swamps which, pulped and subjected to heat and enormous pressures, have turned into the coal we now bring from the earth. There were huge tree-ferns, gigantic equisetums, cycad ferns and other similar vegetation, looking more like magnified mosses and ferns than anything we would recognise as trees to-day. These great plants, some of them over 100 ft. high, grew out of the slime and fungoid growths of swamps. The first insects, with rigid wings a foot long, primitive scorpions and the first spiders, crawled or flew among the plants. Life was beginning to leave the water, but millions of years were to pass before the first birds appeared, and the silence of these great forests was broken only by the occasional crash of a giant fern falling into the accumulation of wood and bark beneath the brackish water. The dense, swampy coal-forests covered areas of low land where fresh-water conditions were predominant. But the sea, less salt than it is to-day, made periodic invasions through readjustments of the land-levels. And as the forests died, the vast layers of vegetable debris were crushed and pressed by the rocks that formed above them. Heat and pressure combined in the long ages that followed to produce the great deposits of coal which, even in this atomic age, are vital to Mankind.

A FEW OF THE INNUMERABLE BY-PRODUCTS OF COAL: It has been said that the worst thing you can do with coal is to burn it, and when the impressive list of the by-products of coal is considered one longs for the day when atomic power will make the burning of coal unnecessary. Tar, paint, fertilisers, nylon cloth and stockings, soap powders, dyes, disinfectants, Perspex and other plastic materials, insecticides and valuable drugs of the sulphonamide group are some of the by-products illustrated here. In the background a tractor drawing an agricultural spray is seen.

FLOWER DEVELOPMENT AT NIGHT-TIME BY ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT: Many millions of years ago sunlight was trapped by the primeval plants which formed our coal-measures. This picture, taken in the State of Victoria, Australia, shows how coal is being used to produce electricity which is converted into artificial sunlight for growing plants. The cycle is complete: the sunlight of long ago shines again upon the earth. The whole State of Victoria is served with cheap supplies of power generated for the most part from the brown coal, or lignite as it is more often called, with which the State is abundantly endowed.

HARLOW MARCHES ONWARD

FURNITURE VANS ARE MOVING INTO THE SATELLITE TOWN WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY ACCOMMODATE 80,000 PEOPLE

A SKYSCRAPER BLOCK OF FLATS RISES ABOVE THE NEW SATELLITE TOWN: In fifteen years' time 80,000 people from North London's overcrowded boroughs are expected to be living in Harlow. Flats, elm-timbered cottages and modern, single-storeyed, flat-roofed houses are going up in Harlow at the rate of 1,100 a year. They are being let at rents from 25s. a week for two bedrooms, sitting-room and bathroom, to a house with three bedrooms for 35s. a week.

A FLASHBACK TO 1950: On this site in Harlow completed houses are now standing, and at least 2,000 others are now under construction. The creation of the new town has been described as one of the most exciting adventures in Britain to-day. Although Harlow and the other new towns are referred to as satellites, which in a sense they are, circulating as they do round the main orbit of London, it is explained that each is a self-sufficient town on its own. They are in no sense dormitories for mighty London, but at one and the same time places of work and residence.

Plans for the decentralisation of population from London are directed largely on the eight new towns with which the Metropolis is being ringed—Basildon, Bracknell Crawley, Harlow, Hatfield, Hemel Hempstead, Stevenage and Welwyn Garden City. Of these new towns Harlow and Stevenage, lying to the north of London, are already making marked building progress, while Crawley, on the old coaching road to Brighton, is also beginning to take shape. The Harlow satellite town scheme generally has exceeded expectations, and over and above all, this new town is already beginning to have a life of its own and a community spirit of its own. Somehow or other the early criticisms have been silenced, in particular the hostility of local residents who, no doubt, resented the large-scale incursion of Londoners. By the end of this year 1,000 houses will be completed and occupied, and in 1953 and 1954 the programme should gather pace.

SOME OF THE COMPLETED HOUSES IN HARLOW AND OTHERS NEARING COMPLETION SEEN AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF TREES AND FIELDS: Of the dwellings so far occupied, most of them accommodate building-trade operatives or industrial workers drawn from London. About 2,000 houses are under construction, and the first twenty-five shops in the new town should be completed by spring. Factories were in operation at Harlow last year, when the industrial estate was opened.

THE WORST FIRE IN THE HISTORY OF ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE DISTRICT WHERE HOTELS, HOUSES AND STORES WERE RECENTLY DESTROYED: This picture shows fire-fighters still at work among the dangerously smouldering ruins. The disaster occurred outside this famous holiday resort's season and probably because of that no lives were lost. Only seven people had to receive hospital treatment, all of them for minor injuries. On the other hand, authorities have estimated the property loss at about 4,000,000 dollars. Four hotels, thirteen boarding cottages and eighteen Broadwalk stores between the States and New Jersey Avenues were consumed by the fire.

THE ATLANTIC CITY INFERNO: Flames ravage one of the four hotels which, together with other buildings, were destroyed in this major disaster. The fire began at 7 a.m., and two hours later hundreds of firemen and their appliances, called from fifteen centres in the surrounding district, were risking their lives under the most appalling contrasts of heat from the raging fires and cold from the icy winter winds. Most of the time the temperature was 7 degrees below freezing-point. The blaze began in the big Congress Hotel, which was fortunately closed.

AMERICANA

THE BIGGEST FIRE IN ATLANTIC CITY'S HISTORY; WINTER IN THE COLORADO MOUNTAINS; MR. SUMNER WELLES MARRIES HARRIETTE POST VON JESZENSZKY

THE FURY OF WINTER STRIKES AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO: This picture shows a heavy lorry half-buried in a drift on the east side of Wolf Creek Pass, where the United States Highway 160 crosses the South-Western Colorado mountains. The smoke rising in the background comes from a highway snowplough, slowly biting its way through the frozen drifts. Near this spot another lorry had not long before been overwhelmed by an avalanche and flung down the mountainside. The two men in it were killed.

AN ICE-BREAKER AT WORK ON THE RIVER ILLINOIS: Behind it, in the distance, a "tow" can be seen passing through the open span of the bridge. This picture was taken near Beardstown, about 200 miles south-west of Chicago. In the old days the river would be completely frozen at this time of the year and all traffic at a standstill. Now, the sturdy bows of ice-breakers keep a channel open for the shipping.

HARRIETTE POST VON JESZENSZKY, THE CEREALS HEIRESS, AND MR. SUMNER WELLES, FORMER U.S. UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE: They were married in New York on January 8. It was the third marriage for them both.

On left—
Mr. Sumner Welles, pictured here with Harriette Post von Jeszenszky, whom he married recently, was born in 1892. At the beginning of the Second World War he carried out a fact-finding mission for President Roosevelt in Germany, Italy and Great Britain. Differences of policy were believed to be the cause of his resignation as Under-Secretary of State.

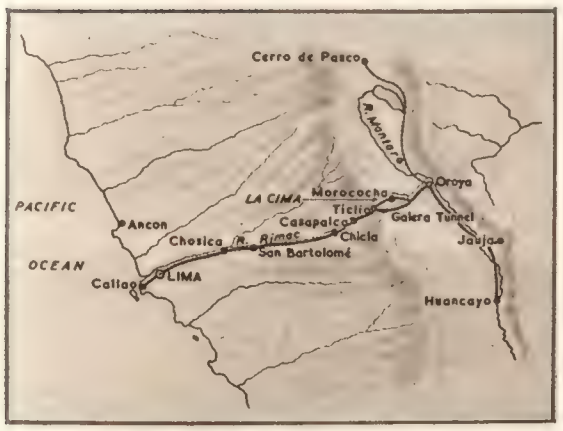
On right—
A NEW LAUNCHING TECHNIQUE FROM TEXAS: This ocean tugboat, the *Robert E. Groves*, is being lowered gently into the water at Houston, Texas, by a giant crane—a novel method of ship-launching. The vessel is one of three deep-sea tugs, each costing 300,000 dollars and weighing 160 tons, which are being built by the Port Houston Iron Works.

THE PASSENGER TRAIN PAUSES NEAR LA CIMA, THE HIGHEST POINT ON THE CENTRAL RAILWAY OF PERU, NEARLY 16,000 FT.: After snow, the sun, and steam from the engine condenses in a white cloud in the cold, thin air. Some of the passengers—people of the Andes going, perhaps, to the market town of Huancayo—have got out to admire the scenery or to talk to friends who have come to meet them. Most of them are wearing "ponchos," a kind of hand-woven blanket of llama wool, with a slit in the middle for the head to pass through. The finest ponchos are made of the wool of the vicuña, found wild in the Andes. One man has brought some llamas to meet the train. They will carry away on their backs, to his village among the mountains, small loads of the goods that he has ordered from Lima.

BY TRAIN IN THE HIGH ANDES

A Peruvian Railway Centenary—Celebrating the Inauguration of the Line Between Lima and Callao, Which Was Later Extended into the Mountains of the Continental Divide

ARTICLE AND PICTURES BY VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE



THE ROUTE FROM CALLAO TO THE HIGH ANDES: This sketch-map shows the famous line, the first section of which was inaugurated a century ago and was the first standard-gauge railway in South America. This first section linked Lima with its port of Callao. The opening of this railway preceded the completion of lines in Brazil and Chile by a few months. In 1851 there were no railways in Asia or Africa.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS ago there was no standard-gauge railway in the whole of South America. Even roads, as we know them, did not exist, for there were no motor-cars. The only permanent highways were the rivers, and few of these had been explored. Although there are thousands of miles of waterways, much of the network will always remain unnavigable, even for canoes and small boats. But the development of South America began along the rivers, and in the intervening spaces—vast wildernesses of mountain, jungle and plain—goods had to be carried incredible distances along thin, rough tracks worn by the feet of men, mules and llamas. In many of the remoter regions of the Andes—the stupendous chain of mountains that forms the backbone of South America—mules are still the chief form of transport, and coca-chewing natives still carry amazing burdens supported by a strap round the forehead.

But in 1851 a project that had been under consideration for a number of years was at last realised. About nine miles of standard-gauge railway connecting Lima, the capital of Peru, with its Pacific coast port of Callao, were completed. Much of the credit for this notable event was due to Britain, where the world's first railway was born, for both skilled engineers and equipment were sent from these islands to help lay the first standard iron tracks leading from the coast towards the little-known interior of Peru. But Peru had only just completed thirty years as an independent State, and great credit is due to her administrators at that time for their foresight and perseverance in introducing this new life-line, with a British company to operate it, into their magnificently mountainous country.

This was only a small beginning, but other railways were laid during the next few years. In 1870, the year of the Franco-Prussian War, an American contractor began work on the ambitious project to construct a railway from Lima to Jauja, a small place nearly 200 miles away in the very heart of the high Andes. In 1879, before the line had reached halfway, a war broke out between Peru and Chile and construction had to stop. Before it could be resumed the original contractor had died. But in 1890 a British company, soon to become famous under the name of the Peruvian Corporation, was formed, and this company has managed the railway ever since. The work was pressed on and in January 1893 the line reached Oroya, at an altitude of more than 12,000 ft. and about 140 miles from Callao. It had passed its highest point, in the middle of a tunnel some 30 miles farther back, at 15,693 ft. Subsequently a branch loop connecting Ticlio to Morococha was constructed and at one point this branch reached 15,806 ft. above sea-level. Appropriately, the point is known as La Cima—The Summit. The climb to this altitude, the highest point ever reached by a standard-gauge railway, covers only 130 miles from the coast.

It is difficult for the layman to appreciate the magnitude of the engineering problems that had to be overcome in the construction of this unique railway. The line climbs higher than the summit of the highest mountain in Europe, Mont Blanc. The mountain railway up Snowdon barely reaches 3,500 ft. The famous railway on the Jungfrau, in Switzerland, which is less than standard-gauge, terminates at 11,340 ft. The building of both of these railways involved a tremendous amount of special skill and labour, but these pale into insignificance in comparison with the first conquest of the Andes by rail. In Peru, during the early stages of construction, more than 8,000 men

(*Continued on following page*)

CLIMBING THE ANDEAN SWITCHBACK: Even this wild river valley did not defeat the engineers who built the Central Railway of Peru. They constructed zigzags or switchbacks, which the train climbs forwards and backwards alternately.

THE CHAUPICHACA BRIDGE IS ONLY ONE OF MANY SIMILAR BRIDGES, SPANNING A RAVINE IN THE ANDES: This one is 426 ft. in length. During its construction a runaway engine struck a derrick-car and the debris fell into the gorge.

HIGH AMID THE ANDES PEAKS: A train approaching Ticlio Station—the world's highest passenger station on a standard-gauge railway (15,610 ft.). In one section of less than a mile and a half before reaching Ticlio there are no fewer than eight tunnels.

BY TRAIN IN THE HIGH ANDES

(*Continued from previous page*)

were employed and there were heavy losses of life through accident and disease. On the completed main line there are no fewer than forty-one bridges, most of them engineering marvels in themselves. There are sixty-one tunnels through solid rock, many of them entering and emerging above intimidating precipices at altitudes where the human constitution is noticeably affected, particularly during any kind of exertion. In addition there are more than a dozen zigzags or switch-backs which enable the locomotives to climb very steep mountain walls that could not be surmounted in any other way. After going forwards up one arm of a zigzag the train goes backwards up the next arm, thus climbing almost vertically above the preceding stretch of track. The regular passenger train takes about nine-and-a-half hours to reach the highest point on the main line from the coast. It is good going for a man to climb a steep mountain at a rate of 1,500 ft. an hour, but the heavy train does better than this.

Probably the chief value of the railway is to serve the mines that lie in the valley of the Mantaro River beyond the western cordillera of the Andes. At Cerro de Pasco, served by a branch leading north-west from Oroya junction, there are some of the largest copper mines in the world. In the opposite direction a line runs south-east for about eighty miles to Huancayo, an important market town. But the long ascent on the western side of the cordillera connects the capital with other important places, such as Chosica, a health resort in the Rimac Valley; San Bartolomé, centre of a fruit-growing district; Chicla, once a mineral market and the place at which the Peruvian Corporation took over the completion of the railway; and Casapalca, the site of a large smelter. The water of the Rimac River, which rises below Ticlio, flows westwards to the Pacific; but beyond Ticlio, which is almost astride the continental divide, all rivers pay tribute to the Amazon that flows into the Atlantic nearly 2,000 miles away "as the crow flies." Morococha, on the branch line from Ticlio to La Cima, is another mining centre beyond the divide, and there is no doubt that, if more railways could penetrate the Andes, more mines could be developed.

What kind of country is it through which this railway passes? I have had the good fortune to travel among mountains in many parts of the world, but I can think of no comparison. In the long chain of the Andes itself there are many variations from north to south, and perhaps as many from west to east. But the section inland behind Lima can be described, in general terms, as bare, rocky and wild. On the very outskirts of Lima there are foothills that are surprisingly rocky, in spite of the heavy mists, caused by the Humboldt current along the Pacific coast, that prevail for a large part of the year. Farther inland many of the valleys are cultivated and poplars are a feature of the landscape. Gentle slopes are often covered with coarse tufted grass, as are the regions of high plateaux, known as the "puña," among the clouds. But along the greater part of the route the grandiose scenery consists of lofty ranges of bare rock, scarred by landslides and exhibiting the effects of all the various processes of denudation. As you go inland from the coast you leave behind the coastal terraces, where rain falls only once in many years, and you pass through a region of lesser mountains, where fog may hover for months on end, but where the intervals between any considerable falls of rain may be five or even ten years. Then come semi-desert plains where it rains even more rarely, until the zone of steep valleys with annual rains is reached. Beyond that, in the vast region of lofty mountains and plateaux, there may be frequent rains in the summer months. Snow lies permanently on the peaks of 20,000 ft. or more.

The varying climatic conditions, combined with the complex geological structure of the mountains, faced the railway engineers with many unusual difficulties, and had a lot to do with the very high average cost of construction. No precise statistics are available, but later railways built in Peru have cost anything from £3,000 to £11,000 per mile, according to the conditions. It seems likely that the line from Lima to Oroya, where the engineering difficulties were often considerably greater, must have been even more expensive. When construction in the mountains began, practically nothing except rock was available on the spot. Everything—the workers, their tools and their food, the rails and sleepers and the bridging equipment, and even the fuel for the engines—had to be brought up to the farthest point that the line had reached. But if this line and others help to promote the prosperity of Peru and of her

WHERE THE ENGINEER MUST BE A MOUNTAINEER: The Infiernillo bridge and tunnel are good examples of the difficult problems successfully overcome by the engineers who constructed the railway. This bridge is about 80 miles up the line. All tools and materials had to be brought up from the coast. The yawning chasm and the solid rock might have deterred any but the best engineers, and it is obvious that every workman had to be something of a mountaineer also. In such a place as this there was always considerable danger from falling rocks.

THE HIGH ANDES NEAR OROYA: This is a typical high valley in this part of the Andes, with denuded rock mountains and long slopes of scree and debris. In the distance are some of the snow peaks rising to more than 20,000 ft. A stream, like a silver thread, carves its way through the valley, on its way to join others that will ultimately help to swell the volume of the mighty Amazon. Among these mountains of the lofty *sierra* there are high plateaux known as the *puña*, where there is scrubby grass on which llamas and vicuñas feed, but no trees. It is cold and bleak up there at 10,000 or 12,000 ft., and villages are few and far between. Transport is mostly by mule, sometimes by llama (for sugar, coca, etc.).

A SHORT GOODS TRAIN PASSING THROUGH THE GORGE OF THE MANTARO RIVER, HIGH UP IN THE ANDES: This river later joins one of the great tributaries of the Amazon. All rivers in the Andes are swift and many are encumbered by rapids. Some are spanned by suspension bridges that are even more precarious than the one shown in this picture, the footway being a mere rope a few inches wide, made of twisted lianas from the forest trees. In many parts of the line there is the constant menace of landslides and falling rocks; but, all things considered, the railway is remarkably safe—a very wonderful feat of engineering amid the high places.

neighbours, the initial outlay need not be considered excessive. Much of the capital, of course, came from foreign sources. Many of the great railways in other parts of the world have been paid for in blood as well as money, and this railway was, unfortunately, no exception. Men working on the precipitous mountain slopes were sometimes killed by falling rocks or by accidents with their equipment. One of the bridges, the Verrugas bridge, was named after a mysterious disease that was prevalent in a region extending for about thirty miles around it and that claimed victims among the workers. When completed this steel girder viaduct was the third highest bridge in the world. The Chaupichaca bridge, in the midst of wild scenery where the train sometimes runs on the edge of high cliffs, was the scene of an accident in which several American constructors lost their lives. A runaway engine collided with a derrick-car that was being used on the bridge, and for years the debris could be seen in the ravine far below.

I made my first journey on this wonderful Central Railway of Peru while I was waiting to meet the late Professor J. W. Gregory and the other members of the expedition which, after exploring for some weeks in the coastal desert, was to make the first geological traverse of the Central Andes of Peru. That great journey across a belt of the Andes about 400 miles in width gave me reason to foresee a prosperous future for South America, if only communications can be still further developed. In the train, within a few hours of leaving Lima, I had crossed the continental divide at nearly 16,000 ft. During the expedition, travelling inland from Nazca in the desert area with about twenty mules, it took us seven days to reach the divide at 16,100 ft. An advantage of the slower journey—which was, of course, essential for our purpose—was that we became gradually acclimatised to the increasing altitude. In the train, although I had been accustomed to living at 8,000 ft. in Mexico during the previous three years, I noticed the effect on heart and lungs as I approached La Cima. One unhappy traveller was so badly affected by the *soroche* long before we reached the summit that he had to be carried from the train. But on no account would I attempt to deter anyone from making this most remarkable journey, from sea-level to cloudland in less than twelve hours. It reveals a cross-section of Peruvian life and architecture, from Lima, with the oldest university in the New World and the modern Desamparados Railway Station, through the Rimac valley, where white walls gleam among the pale poplars, to the Andean villages with their low buildings of stone and adobe roofed with deeply curved tiles. In the streets of the capital there are smart European fashions and shining American motor-cars. In the mountains, where Quetchua is spoken rather than Spanish, the Indians wear curious felt hats and wrap themselves in the indispensable "poncho."

During the railway journey there is time to ponder on the marvels of this feat of engineering, and no British subject could fail to feel proud that compatriots of his have played leading parts in the drama.

On *right*—A STREET IN HUANCAYO, A TYPICAL ANDEAN MARKET TOWN AT THE END OF THE BRANCH LINE FROM OROYA: Many of the houses in the high mountain regions are built of whitewashed stone and adobe with tiled roofs. The streets are often rough and stony, with gutters down the middle. Here we see a few Peruvian poplars; but on the high *puña* there are generally no trees. On the other hand, in the deep valleys there is a profusion of tropical or sub-tropical vegetation. It is not unusual, as in this picture, to see a man carrying an astonishingly heavy burden, supported by a plaited strap round his forehead.

WINTER DAYS IN ENGLAND

The Haxey Hood Game in Lincolnshire; Hunting Practice in Yorkshire; A Coal Harvest at Robin Hood's Bay

THROWING THE HOOD—A 600-YEAR-OLD GAME AT HAXEY, IN THE ISLE OF AXHOLME, LINCOLNSHIRE: *On left*—A scramble for the hood during the game, which lasted four hours. *On right*—Wearing heavily decorated hats, four of the participants meet at the "local" before the start. They are, left to right, Boggin, Mr. W. Skelton, who is holding the fifty-year-old hood; The Fool, Mr. Robert Wilson; The Lord, Mr. Harry Cooper, and the Chief Boggin, Mr. R. Whitehead. It was the toughest and biggest Hood Game for over twenty-five years. Two men were knocked unconscious and a dozen more treated for minor injuries. The game resembles Rugby, but the tightly-bound leather hood takes the place of a ball. A fierce struggle for its possession ensues amongst the players.

THE START OF A MOCK HUNT IN YORKSHIRE: These young riders, most of them girls, were preparing to start on a seven-mile mock hunt, intended to give them experience of conditions during a genuine hunt. Here they are receiving advice before setting off across the frozen countryside.

YOUNG YORKSHIRE GIRLS TAKING PART IN A "TEACHING" HUNT: They had to cross seven miles of icy roads and fields towards Stannington, Yorkshire, during this ride, which was to give them an insight into conditions on a real hunt. Eight-year-old Joan Flower (left) was making one of her first long rides. The girls had to find their way from markings on gate-posts and walls. The course included a number of wall and fence jumps.

A SIDELIGHT ON THE COAL SHORTAGE IN BRITAIN—YORKSHIREMEN AUGMENT THEIR RATION FROM WASTE COAL WASHED UP ON THE BEACH: Shellfish are not the only things to be harvested from our beaches. These pictures, taken at Robin Hood's Bay, in Yorkshire, show three of the local inhabitants gathering coal-bunker debris which has been washed up and left by the receding tide. Known locally as "brash," this harvest will augment their meagre and expensive coal ration.

THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES VIEWED FROM THE GARDENS : Looking across the ornamental lake to the main façade of the building which is so seriously threatened by decay. It is believed that a vast collective effort of the entire French nation will be needed to save the structure. Individual gifts of money cannot suffice to arrest the damage, say the experts. Foreign countries may be asked to help.

THE MAIN APPROACH TO THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES, SHOWING THE COURT-YARD FRONTING THE TOWN, WITH THE CHAPEL STANDING TO THE RIGHT OF THE CENTRAL BLOCK : According to M. André Cornu, Minister of Fine Arts in the Pleven Government, the condition of the celebrated chateau has deteriorated to a point at which irreparable damage will be done unless £5,000,000 is spent on urgent repairs during the current year. The decay of the 27 acres of roofing is one of the most serious aspects of the chateau's condition, and in many places the enormous skeleton of seventeenth-century timberwork is powdering away. It is said, indeed, that long neglect of the vital points of the structure has brought the chateau almost to the point of collapse. The Trianons, the Grand Ecuries and the Theatre Gabriel have all suffered also.

VERSAILLES NEEDS £5 MILLION

THE FAMOUS CHATEAU IN URGENT NEED OF REPAIRS

***Below*—THE FAMED HALL OF MIRRORS :** Here William I was crowned German Emperor in 1871, and the Treaty of Versailles was signed in June 1919. Now, it is said, rain drips into many of the galleries of Versailles. Pictures are being ruined by damp, and from time to time cornices fall from the ceiling.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

Winter Voyaging Around the Mediterranean

Revisiting Places of Historic Interest and Abiding Fascination

THE return of opportunities for sea-voyaging, a highly popular pre-war pastime, is especially welcome just now because of existing restrictions on land travel; while, at the same time, it offers exciting horizons linked with complete relaxation and freedom from everyday cares: a perfect holiday, in fact, and an unbelievable tonic.

Roving the Mediterranean in particular, the most famous and oldest of all pleasure-areas, has also the added appeal that it allows you to discover or revisit places of great interest and fascination. Just to name such ports as Algiers, Marseilles, Genoa, Naples, Valletta, Beirut and the Piræus stimulates the imagination and the wanderlust. And when your magic carpet to these romantic spots can be accomplished in a comfortable floating home, then the urge to escape from the worst period of Britain's winter to sunlit waters acts as a lodestone.

Although the organised cruise is not available at this time of year, nevertheless the intending traveller has a considerable variety of voyages from which to choose, and there need be no difficulty in finding one that will suit individual requirements. The choice indeed ranges from circular tours of the Mediterranean on large, first-class passenger-liners to more dawdling trips on modern cargo-vessels. With the former the usual port of embarkation and disembarkation is Marseilles or Genoa, while with the latter you generally start and end your voyage at London.

Prior to the war it was possible to travel by cargo-boat for around 10s. a day; nowadays the daily cost is from £2 to £3. But conditions on board are vastly improved. Life in one of these luxuriously-equipped modern ships that accommodate up to twelve passengers, who have the complete run of the ship, offers a touch of novelty that the most hardened traveller will appreciate. Even those who are exacting will find these ships surpass their expectations, for their standards of comfort approximate to those to be found on much more expensive liners—and I speak from recent personal experience.

In the category of passenger-ships, there are four companies offering regular round voyages, all of which can be recommended. They are the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, Messageries Maritimes, American Export Lines, and the Messina S.S. Company.

The C.G.T. has a round trip lasting three weeks (Marseilles back to Marseilles), with calls at nine to twelve ports, including Naples, Messina, Syracuse, Cyprus, Istanbul, Jaffa, Beirut and Alexandria. The first-class fare, inclusive of the overland journey between London and Marseilles, is £175 to £198. The cost is much the same on the three-week circular tours of the Messageries Maritime boats (Marseilles back to Marseilles), with calls at Naples, Haifa, Alexandria and Beirut. It is also possible to pay in advance for a series of shore excursions at these ports of call, but a form "V" must be lodged for part-cost of these, the amount to be set against the basic travel allowance varying from £20 to £38. Incidentally, the cost of a first-class return ticket, London to Marseilles, is about £27; and for second-class, £21. Sleepers, couchettes, meals, etc., are "extras."

For those who want the height of luxury the "Four Aces" ships of the American Export Lines will appeal. Each vessel in the fleet is 10,000 tons and accommodates 125 passengers, all first-class. The 24-day round trip (Marseilles to Marseilles) includes calls at Naples, Athens, Alexandria, Haifa, Beirut, Istanbul, Leghorn and Genoa, and the cost, with first-class rail and sleepers to and from Marseilles, is 195 guineas. For those with only 17 days to spare for the sea voyage, embarkation and disembarkation can be arranged at Naples.

Considerably cheaper in cost is a recommended trip (two weeks) on the *Pace* (Messina S.S. Co.), which carries 260 first-class passengers. This liner sails from Marseilles, with calls at Genoa, Naples, Alexandria and Beirut. At the last-named port you are provided with two days' hotel accommodation and shore excursions at no extra charge, the round-voyage fare being just under £90, to which must be added the expenses incurred in travelling to and from Marseilles.

When it comes to voyages on cargo-steamers your choice is wide and embraces the ships of Britain and of various foreign countries. You also have the opportunity of visiting ports that are not called at by the passenger liners. Take the Adriatic, for instance, which is on the itineraries of an Ellerman and Wilson service and of a Yugoslav company. I have had good reports of the latter, whose new motor-freighters provide excellent cuisine and service. Sailing from, and returning to, London, the duration of the voyage is 30–35 days, calls being generally at Casablanca and/or Oran, Algiers, Sicilian ports, Split and/or Dubrovnik and/or Trieste, Rijeka (Fiume), where about five days are spent. The inclusive cost of 77 guineas allows for five days aboard at Rijeka and the vessel is used as hotel throughout.

Apart from vessels travelling on a more or less regular schedule or itinerary, there are other opportunities to join a ship whose voyage is more intriguing by the uncertainty of the ports of call. Then there are various coastal services, but it is difficult to get information and make bookings for these except on the spot, which means, of course, using up your basic currency allowance. One possible exception, however, is the regular service operated by the Compania Transmediterránea between Barcelona and Ceuta (Spanish Morocco), with calls at Tarragona, Valencia, Alicante, Cartagena, Almeria and Malaga. These vessels sail during the night and are in port during the day. This eight-day trip costs only £9 (inclusive of meals), but I must warn you it is Spanish cooking and the accommodation simple, so I would not advise this very interesting journey to elderly or fastidious people. Further particulars can be had from the London agents, Oliver's Travels, Ltd. (Adelphi Building, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2). A Spanish visa is essential, also a three-day transit visa for Spanish Morocco, and both can be obtained within forty-eight hours from any Spanish consulate. You would have to make your own arrangements for reaching Barcelona and returning from Gibraltar.

A SKYSCRAPER IN MODERN CASABLANCA, FRENCH MOROCCO: Casablanca is not a Mediterranean port, but ever since the pre-war development of cruising it has been a most popular port of call on many Mediterranean itineraries. It is also on the *Warwick Castle's* winter cruising route in the Eastern Atlantic. Since the war Casablanca has developed tremendously both as a city and as a resort.

It is quite impossible, of course, in this article to make mention of the many voyages available. For further information and expert guidance I advise you to get in touch with certain travel agents who specialise in sea voyaging, such as Informal Travels, Ltd. (7, Pembridge Square, London, W.2), the only British organisation concentrating on sea tours, Cook's, and Wakefield, Fortune, Ltd. (32, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1). Study their brochures and then decide on what trip will suit you best. Keep in mind, however, that cargo-ships do not necessarily adhere to a fixed time schedule.

An important consideration in connection with sea voyages is that even when you travel on a foreign ship the fare can be paid in sterling, with no deduction from your basic travel allowance. Then, on British ships, you can cash sterling travellers' cheques without limit, on Scandinavian ships to a maximum value of £250, while on other foreign ships your personal expenses (bar, cigarettes, laundry, gratuities, etc.) on board can be covered at the time of booking by payment of a sum up to 20 per cent. of the passage money, in return for which you receive non-transferable Credit Vouchers. Should you require foreign currency for use on land at the ports visited, you must obtain travellers' cheques, endorsed for the countries you are likely to visit, and the amount cashed will, of course, be debited against your basic travel allowance. You must have a valid passport, but visas, even when normally required, are not necessary for simply going ashore during a stay in port. The only exception is the Spanish coastal trip already mentioned.

I made a mention at the start of this article to "sunlit waters." I think it only fair to tell you, however, that during February, especially in the Western Mediterranean, there may be cold and rainy weather. Be prepared, therefore, in the matter of suitable warm clothing. When March comes the climate is much more certain and it can be decidedly hot.

An occasional sunless day is, however, compensated for in many other ways: the comforting feel of a white deck under your feet; the magical sight of a port at dawn; the passing of small islands; the carefree days and nights; and the new friendships quickly made. All these add new colour to life and provide for even the most hardened traveller constant surprises and a holiday atmosphere which is not to be found on dry land.

Gordon Cooper.

SORRENTO, A GEM OF THE ITALIAN SHORE: Sorrento is within easy motoring distance of Naples and is one of those resorts which can be recommended for quiet relaxation after the museums and palaces, churches and populous streets, of the big city. Capri, Amalfi and Caserta are all equally easily visited from Naples.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK ON THE BOAT-DECK OF A UNION CASTLE LINER: A steward serving refreshments to the passengers. The Union Castle Line have arranged most attractive winter cruises for 1951-52. On December 31 the *Warwick Castle*, a modern, twin-screw motor-ship, left on a fourteen-day cruise to Gibraltar, Casablanca, Las Palmas and Madeira, and she left again on January 16 on the same route.

MILAN'S DAY HOTEL

ONE OF A CHAIN OF SUCH HOTELS WHICH HAVE BECOME A BOON TO TRAVELLERS IN ITALY

THE SIGNORINA LEAVES THE TRAIN AT MILAN AND MAKES FOR THE DAY HOTEL, THERE TO BREAK HER JOURNEY IN PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS: The Day Hotel, with its clean bedrooms, library, rest room, writing-room and washing and cleaning services, is now an eagerly sought-after amenity in the Italian towns and cities, and for business people and tourist alike, engaged on long journeys, it is proving a great boon.

SOMEWHERE TO WHILE AWAY THE HOURS IN THE BIG CITY WHILE AWAITING A TRAIN CONNECTION: *Left*—The young traveller sees the sign pointing to Milan's Day Hotel. *Right*—On arrival at the hotel she deposits her baggage. Luggage can be left for five minutes or a day, and the charge is the same.

AS SHE GOES INTO THE DAY HOTEL THE TRAVELLER DECIDES WHICH SERVICES SHE WILL REQUIRE: From the reception clerk and cashier she buys the necessary tickets, possibly for a bedroom or a Turkish bath, for the clothes pressing service or for any one or more of sixteen different, well co-ordinated services.

"WRONG DOOR, SIGNORINA—TAKE THE FIRST ON THE RIGHT!": The barber points out the way to the ladies' hairdressing department in the Day Hotel. Service is swift, and charges are moderate in the hotel.

TWO MORE AMENITIES OF THE DAY HOTEL: *Left*—The clothes pressing service is always available. *Right*—One of the bedrooms. The maid will waken the traveller with her clothes pressed and cleaned and in good time for her to catch her train.

The jaded traveller arriving in any one of the great cities or towns of England can probably be sure of finding a cloakroom for a wash-and-brush-up, or if he or she takes breakfast in an hotel they can be sure of some immediate facilities, though it is doubtful if they would be welcome throughout the day if they had not booked a room. But on the whole facilities are limited. France has the same problem, and so have most European countries, but Italy has tackled it imaginatively and boldly, and the result is the Day Hotel. This is the comprehensive and the complete answer to the partially adequate public cloakroom, the wash-and-brush-up place. The Day Hotels of Italy are indeed a boon to the tourist and the business man. They provide for almost all needs, except eating, from a straightforward wash to a Turkish bath, from a quiet sit-down in the corner of a lounge to a sleep in a bed in a comfortable, airy room. The woman traveller may have a hair-do or a manicure and her blouse washed and ironed. A man can have his suit cleaned and ironed while he waits, a haircut, a shampoo and a shave. Prices for all facilities are listed at a reception desk, where you buy your ticket for one, some or all the services. Whether you are spending sixpence or £1, the welcome is the same. At the bigger Day Hotels there are pleasant lounges at everyone's disposal and writing-rooms, too, with a nominal charge for stationery. For 6d., plus a 2d. tip, the traveller can have a private cabinetto complete with shower, wash-basin, towel and soap, and the hottest of water.

The Day Hotel is particularly useful for the commercial traveller, and it can be a big expense-saver. In Glasgow, Edinburgh, Leeds, Sheffield, Manchester or Birmingham it would surely become popular almost overnight, and in London, where the floating population is always large, a whole chain of Day Hotels could surely find steady patronage.

These pictures were all taken in Milan's Day Hotel, but they are typical of conditions in any one of the establishments in Italy's major cities.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A JANUARY AVALANCHE OF BOOKS

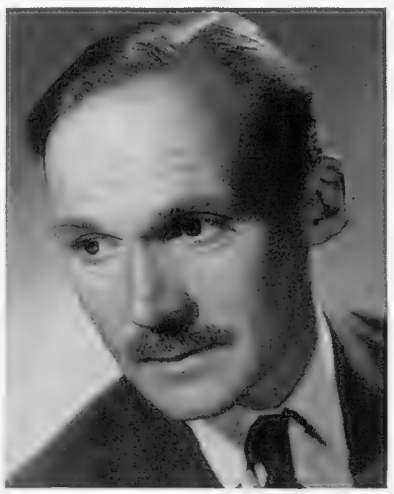
Few of Them Trivial, Most of Them Stimulating, Amusing or Informative

IN an excellent restaurant that I remember from some years ago the opening item in the day's programme or menu used to be an "*avalanche d'hors d'œuvres*," and, far from overwhelming one, this announcement used to make for great anticipation and a briskening of the necessary appetite. To-day I must tell you about a kind of avalanche of books, few of them trivial and the greater number of them stimulating, or amusing, or, at the very least, informative. First, there is Mr. James Pope-Hennessy's further volume of Victorian biography: MONCKTON MILNES, *The Flight of Youth* (Constable. 25s.), a section which takes that literary and social connoisseur a few steps further in his limited but successful career, from 1851, when his offer of marriage to the heiress, Miss Crewe, was accepted, to his sudden death, in 1885, at Vichy. Miss Florence Nightingale had declined to marry him some years earlier, but remained his friend, and among that large company he counted Swinburne, Richard Burton, the fabulous Berry sisters, Bunsen, Carlyle and Tennyson. A few days before his death he wrote to a somewhat fervid High Anglican friend these words, which give a considerable insight into the nature of their author:

"I will not contradict anything you say except the *general usefulness* of suffering; it is so to the higher natures—but it is my decided experience that the mass of mankind are better for being happier. I am sure I am."

There could scarcely be a greater contrast with that dictum than the contemplation of the life and ideas of that prophet THOMAS CARLYLE (Gollancz. 21s.), of whom Mr. Julian Symons has written a new biography. The Chelsea sage cannot have been an easy proposition during his dyspeptic lifetime, either as a husband or an admired philosopher. Perhaps his friends only saw the best of him, whether they were distinguished and feminine, as Lady Ashburton, or distinguished, male and observant, like Monckton Milnes, or Browning or Mazzini or Emerson. However that may have been, he was a great figure of his time and, whatever the reading on the current literary barometer, a considerable historian.

WHITE'S, 1693-1950 (Heinemann. 25s.), is the story, nearly up to date, of a great London club that started, like so many others, as a chocolate house and clearing place for gossip in the seventeenth century. Mr. Percy Colson has written the history with a friendly and worldly kind of perception and with a lively sense of anecdote. There have been in the past rakes and beaux and gamblers among the membership of White's, as well as the later more uniform list, and it is of one Lord Alvanley, in the first decades of the nineteenth century, to whom Beau Brummell abdicated his claim to a seat in the bow window on St. James's, that one of the best stories is told. This gentleman, returning to White's from a duel fought on Wimbledon Common, gave his cab-driver a sovereign, at which the man was overwhelmed, and said that it was a great deal for having taken his lordship to Wimbledon. "No, my good man," returned Lord Alvanley, "I give it to you not for taking me, *but for bringing me back!*"



HIS NEW THEME, SIX MEN IN A P.O.W. CAMP: David Walker, author of *Geordie*, whose new novel, *The Pillar*, has just been published by Collins. *Geordie* has had a phenomenal sale for a first novel, 53,000 copies. Launder and Gilliatt are to start making the film of the book this summer in technicolour against the Highland background; the Olympic Games sequences are to be shot in Helsinki. *The Pillar* shows the author's ability to handle a different theme—that of the six men comprising a mess in a German prisoner-of-war camp.

Deeply as I respect the talent and admire the industry of writers, I cannot help feeling that Mr. Charles Richard Cammell's memoir of ALEISTER CROWLEY THE MAN; THE MAGE; THE POET (Richards Press. 15s.), must have been easier to write than it now is to read. To begin with, Mr. Cammell was not only a friend of this strange man, but an admirer, and one who, if he did not accept all his blacker fantasies, is still capable of thinking that Crowley's boast of being the greatest living English poet was not far from the truth. During Crowley's lifetime I held other views, and see little here, but pity, to make me modify them.

DARE TO BE FREE (Wingate. 12s. 6d.) is the personal adventure story, which includes an almost fabulous escape-saga, of a young New Zealand officer who started the war as a very junior second lieutenant and ended it as a major, with a chestful of medals and a bouquet from his fellow-countryman, Lieut.-General Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., who wrote that he had watched him develop ". . . until in the last year of the war he became one of the most dashing and seasoned Commanding Officers of Infantry in the 2nd N.Z. Division." Major W. B. Thomas's exploits, as he tells them himself in this really notable book, include a modest account of his part in the campaign in Crete, his various escapes from German prisons and hospitals, his moving to a specially guarded camp in Salonica, and eventually his extraordinary year in the fastnesses of Mount Athos Monastery, where the bearded monks were alternately helpful and irritable. A book to read and ponder with admiration.

Mr. F. T. Cheng was Chinese Ambassador to this country from 1946 to 1950 (when our Government recognised the Communist regime), and his memoirs, EAST AND WEST (Hutchinson. 16s.), contain much that is illuminating in an eastern view of our Western situation, as well as a charming and rather otherworldly picture of life in China as it might be lived according to the author's favourite Confucian precepts.

EASTERN EPIC—DEFENCE (Chatto and Windus. 30s.), is the first of two projected volumes by Mr. Compton Mackenzie dealing with India's achievement during the last war. This book, an impressive tome of over 600 pages, takes the reader from September 1939 to March 1943, and although the author emphasises that it is not an official history, it does give a comprehensive picture of the war effort made by India and the Indian Army during that period. Incidentally, I think it would be apposite to quote here Mr. Mackenzie's words on what is often regarded as the loss of India. "The great act of statesmanship," he writes, "which secured the good will of both India and Pakistan by an Imperial abdication unmatched in the world's history has not even yet been appreciated in all its virtue except in Asia."

Mr. Eric Shipton was the leader of the 1951 Mount Everest Reconnaissance Expedition, and as such his new book, MOUNTAINS OF TARTARY (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.), is of peculiar and timely interest, although, in fact, it deals with earlier trips of less impressive proportions, made around Kashgar and the undemarcated frontier of China and India about fourteen years ago. In these simple, direct and yet often lyrical chapters speaks not only the expert mountaineer but the explorer, and the man whose love of nature is overwhelming enough to affect his life, but not to make him lose his sense of contact with a more pedestrian reader.

NORWEGIAN JOURNEY (Museum Press. 15s.) might have been rather tame reading after that, if it were not for the tremendous good spirits of its traveller and narrator, Mr. Garry Hogg, who, first of all, likes to walk through the countries he describes, and, secondly, is convinced that a walker's eye-view is the only proper one for appreciating scenes of grandeur or simple domesticity. His engaging travel book, which takes him and his companion 1,000 miles round Norway, with occasional help from buses or lorries or ferries, is both unpretentious and rewarding, and I must confess that I enjoyed it a good deal more than a slightly comparable trip I once made myself!

Childhoods, happy or unhappy, frustrated or filled with glorious "spoiling," continue to exercise the talents of novelists and those who disdain fiction for straight narrative, and yet for all the outpouring it is seldom that one comes across such a recital that is really insipid. Certainly not the SWISS FAMILY BURNAND (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.), written by one of their descendants, Mireille Burnand Cooper, and filled with good things about a large and peripatetic family who made a yearly move from Provence to a château in Switzerland, accompanied by governesses, servants, magpies and cats. Very good fun, though, again, possibly better in the telling than in the experiencing.

Mr. Norman Denny is an author with a nice sense of fun, running in harness with a lively sense of the macabre, an unusual but not an impossible combination, for proof of which I recommend you to read his novel, ARRIVAL IN WYCHERLEY (Bodley Head. 11s. 6d.). A remote West Country village has been a chosen setting for a tale of odd happenings before, but there is nothing secondhand or stale about this author's treatment of a group of oddities, nonentities and, if there be such a word, normalities.

NOVELETTE with other stories (Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.) are further examples of Miss A. L. Barker's meticulous and moving talent, which some years ago won for her the Somerset Maugham Award. In this collection the title story is not only the best; it is a very remarkable story indeed, and would be worthy of separate publication if people here, as in France, enjoyed such slender books.

Mr. Robert Lund writes lustily of an actual incident in the history of the island of Guam, in the Pacific, but makes no claim to be writing history rather than fiction, with the result that HOUR OF GLORY (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) turns out to be a highly romanticised version of the occupation, by U.S. officers, of a small patch of territory hitherto held by a sleepy Spanish colony. They find one fellow-American there, and although he seems to be more of a beachcomber than an executive type, they appoint him Governor of Guam before they leave, since he is the only candidate. There might be a moral in all this for electioneers

SAUCEPANS AND SAINTHOOD

Kate O'Brien's Life of Saint Teresa of Avila

Two great names in the Carmelite Order, both belonging to Spain in the sixteenth century, both concerning mystics with a rare command of language who were beatified by the Roman Catholic Church in the seventeenth century, and both the subject of new volumes, are those of St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa of Avila. Thomas Merton's remarkable book on St. John was discussed recently in these columns, and now comes Kate O'Brien's brief but brilliant life of TERESA OF AVILA (Max Parrish. 7s. 6d.). In the space of 96 pages Miss O'Brien presents an unforgettable picture of the Spanish nun from Old Castile who restored the original discipline which had been abandoned in the easy, gossiping life of the Carmelites living under the Mitigated Rule. She shows how Teresa fought her campaign with wit, charm, obstinacy, humility, prayer and persuasive logic, carrying her Discalced (barefoot) Rule far south into Andalusia, working, in the creation of her sixteen convents and fourteen monasteries, with such men as John of the Cross, the preacher and teacher "who lived with God," and the tragic Father Gracian, her soldier of the Reform. Miss O'Brien shows Teresa as a woman of genius—one of the few, she says, in 2,000 years. She was a minor poet, an easy, fluent, careless writer of prose who, compelled again and again by high necessity, could say in plain words—because she had to—what greater writers could never say. At the same time she was a woman of strong practicability and good sense, full of natural shrewdness, and with unusual powers of organisation. There was much about her that we shall never know or quite understand. This woman passed from plane to plane of human experience in a stormy and tormented life that none the less had moments of deep serenity. As Miss O'Brien says, "Teresa was made of flesh like us, and it plagued and wearied her—in youth through its energetic natural storms, and in maturity and old age through its infirm, sick drag on her spirit." In simple everyday things she could be superbly understandable, as she was superbly understanding. We have heard her famous claim for commonplace labours, "The Lord walks among the saucepans." In the realms of the spirit there is much about her that passes mortal comprehension, even though at times she wrote with incomparable lucidity of the science of the spirit and of the shining peaks she so often trod.

Everything about the work and character of Wagner was massive, and not least the documents that he left behind. Needless to say, most of the books about the master are equally massive, notably Ernest Newman's four-volume biography which has surpassed all other works in English. Now comes John N. Burk's presentation of THE LETTERS OF RICHARD WAGNER (Victor Gollancz. 42s.), which are taken from the famous Burrell Collection. These letters, which amplify our knowledge of Wagner enormously, were brought together by the indefatigable Mrs. Burrell, who managed to get hold of the privately-printed Wagner autobiography (*Mein Leben*) and then got in touch with everyone mentioned in it who was still available, pumped them for information and bought documents in their possession. The collection is now in Philadelphia, and some of the most important letters are those which come from Minna Wagner's illegitimate daughter, Natalie. They fill out significant omissions in the composer's autobiography, and they also show the extent of Cosima Wagner's manipulation of her husband's papers. Mr. John N. Burk has made the selections and his linking explanatory notes are admirable.

Mr. C. J. Lambert was born on a Chilean farm, and later inherited it, settling down with his wife on this great 60-mile-square estate which in time came to support a community of 1,500 people, producing grain and stock for the market and providing its inhabitants with everything they needed, from bricks and blankets to puma skins and liqueurs. In SWEET WATERS (Chatto and Windus. 15s.), Mr. Lambert tells the story of this almost feudal set-up. He tells it with humour and a tinge of regret for things past, and he conjures up with skill the life of the Chilean people who shared the work and the pleasures of "Sweet Waters."

Olaf Swenson went with his father to Nome, Alaska, in 1900, and stayed in that region forty years, most of the time being spent in Northern Siberia, as hunter, trapper and fur trader, where he built up an extensive chain of trading stations and a small fleet of supply vessels. NORTHWEST OF THE WORLD (Robert Hale. 15s.) is Swenson's autobiography. "I would not change the past in any particular," he declares. "I can think of no life which could furnish greater richness of memory on which to live in one's declining years."

A rather different adventure story is Alan McCulloch's TRIAL BY TANDEM (Allen and Unwin. 15s.), an account of how this Australian artist and writer, and his wife Ellen, travelled on a tandem from Paris to Positano, in Italy. The result is a mixture of adventure, anecdote and art.

Barbara Wall has translated into English Jean-Louis Barrault's REFLECTIONS ON THE THEATRE (Rockliff. 21s.). It is a most penetrating account of the mystic relationship of actor and audience. Original drawings by Christian Bérard, Maurice Brianchon, Pierre Cabanne and others adorn the text.

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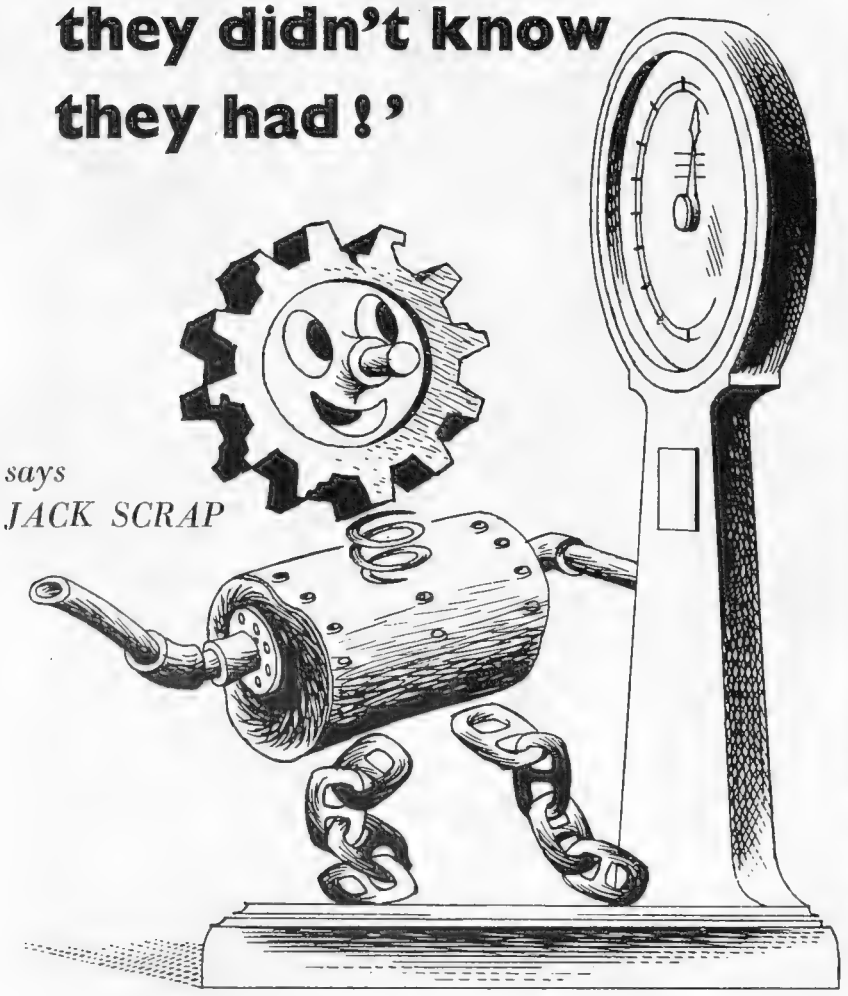

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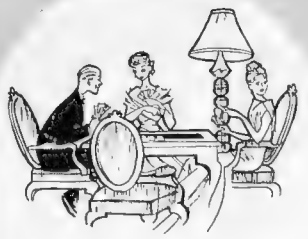

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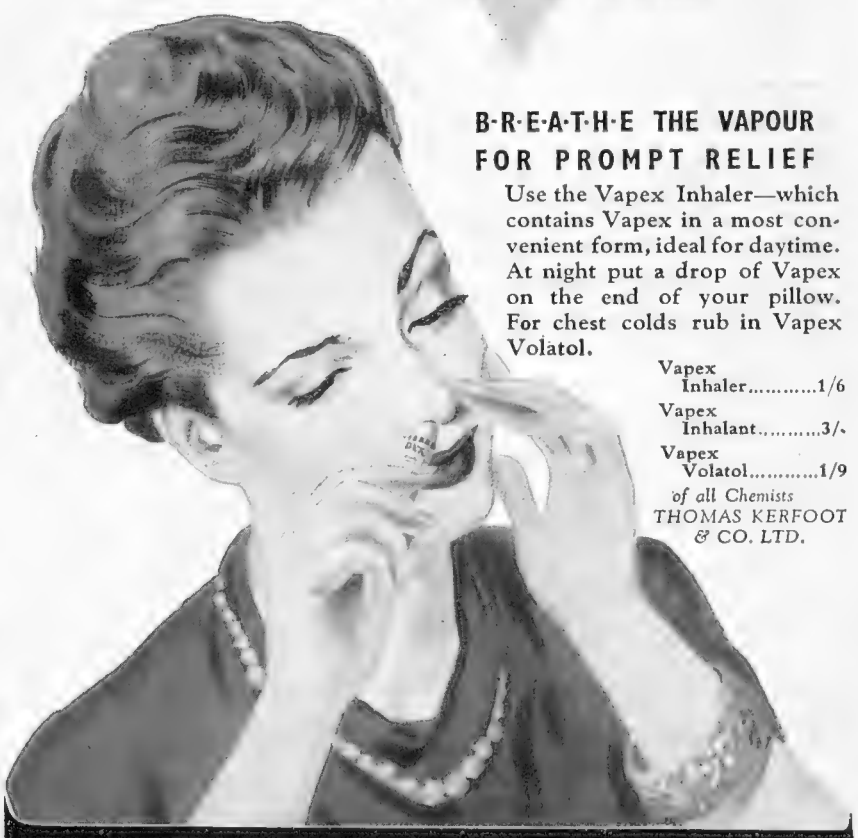

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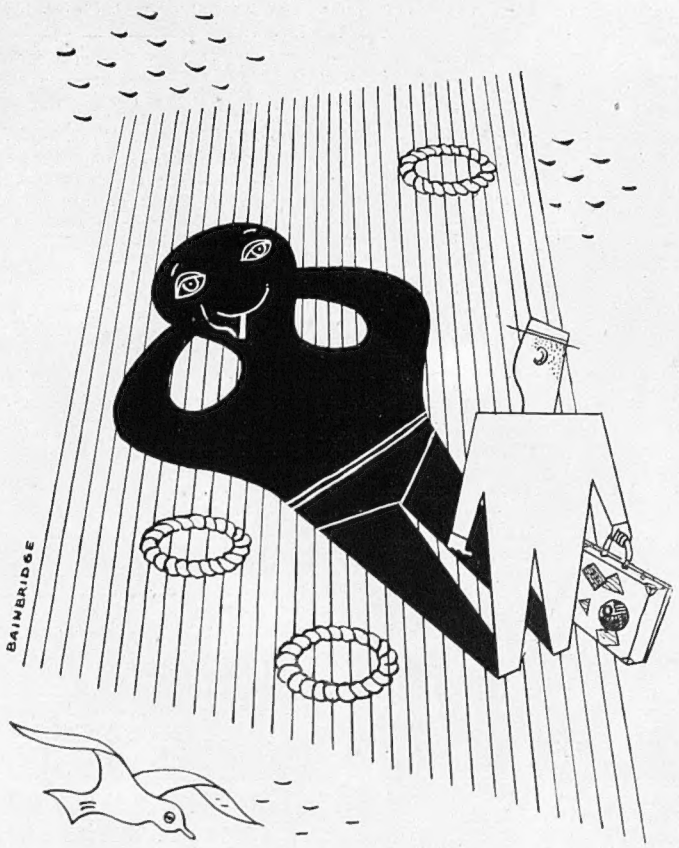

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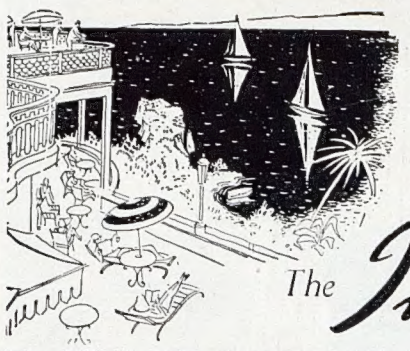

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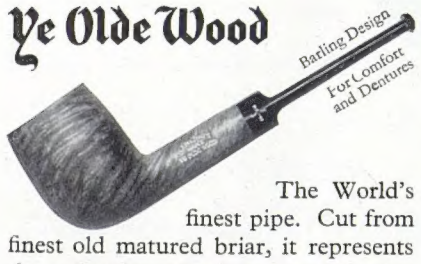

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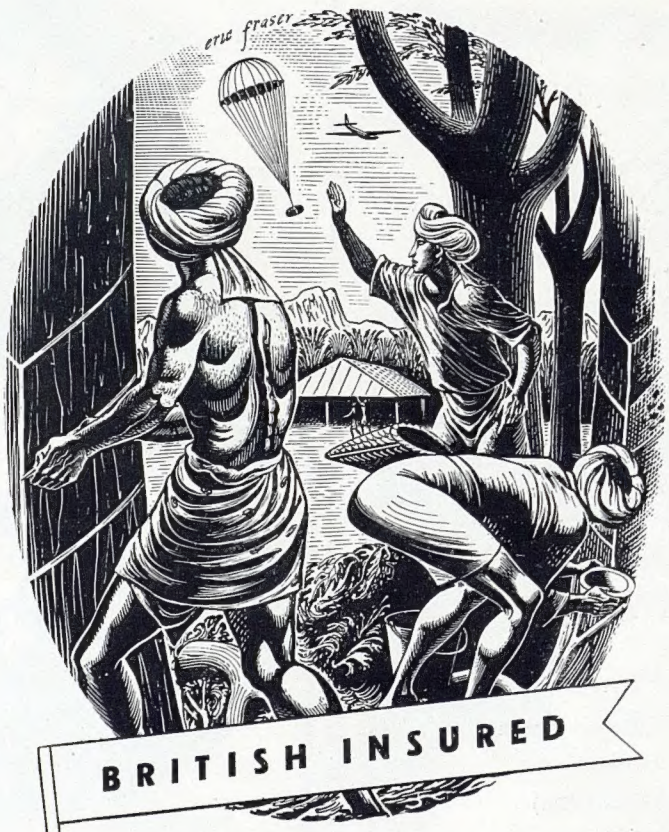

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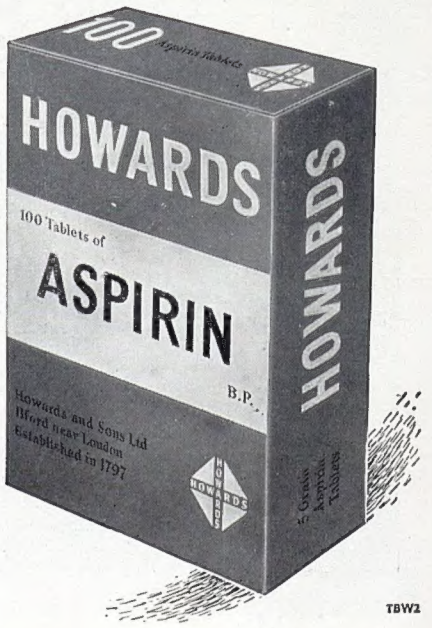

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